

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

PUBLIC EDUCATION.

Sons Account of the Foundation of Eton College, and of the Past and Present Condition of the School. By E. S. Creasy, M.A. Pp. 132. Longmans.

Recollections of Rugby. By an Old Rugbæan. Pp. 176. London: Hamilton and Adams. Rugby: Crossley and Billington.

IMPROVEMENTS in the system of education for the upper classes in life, have, as all human improvements ought to do, been going on gradually, though perhaps rather slowly, since the days of George Buchanan and Roger Ascham. Others are no longer punished for the offences of kings now: it is more likely that kings should be visited for the errors of others. At Eton, the foundation of the Newcastle Scholarship (a distinction gained by Mr. Creasy), and, more recently, the establishment of the Prince Albert Prizes, are symptoms of Etonian progress; and the repression of the tyrannical practice of fagging, which was carried to such an excess at Rugby, also marked the advance (in civilization and moral discipline) of that School. And still the good and useful work is proceeding. The Under Graduates of our two great Universities have petitioned Government for a Commission of Inquiry to devise the best methods for securing the improvement of these institutions, and making them more efficient for the inculcation of religious and useful learning; and other measures connected with the same desirable ends are under discussion in various quarters, and will, in due course, be matured into beneficial action. We do not think it would be a bad move to put Public Schools under the same sort of surveillance which has been ordained for Lunatic Asylums; surely the proper education of youth is as important to a State as the proper treatment of the insane. Very many of our schools are still *opprobria* to the country; it were well they were examined into and reformed. But at present we have only to speak of the volumes before us.

The account of Eton College does not embrace a very wide or general scope; but contents itself with giving some elementary particulars of its "origin, progress, and present condition." Recent trial papers for the higher forms and for the honours we have mentioned are appended; so that the practical *utile* is added to the historical *dulce*, and the volume is altogether acceptable as affording a view to a certain extent of the curriculum in use, and of the steps which have led to it, and made this, as the author calls it, "the most important public school in our country." We need not enter into the details of the governing powers as entrusted to classes and individuals; but quote what Mr. Creasy says of them:

"This system of carrying on the government of the school through the upper boys is general among our public schools, and I believe it to be one of the most valuable features, though it is one the most frequently attacked by those who are unacquainted, either through experience or inquiry, with the true working and full objects of public-school education. To accustom lads early to the exercise of responsible power, under due superintendence and safeguards against its abuse, and to diffuse through a community of

young minds a respect for authorities that form part and parcel of that community itself, such respect being based on other feelings than mere dread of superior brute force, is, surely, to provide them with one of the very highest branches of education. For Education means far more than the mere imparting of knowledge;—it means also the development of the moral as well as the intellectual faculties. I dislike in general arguments drawn from etymologies, as being frequently little more than verbal quibbles; but it would be well to remember in practice the true import of the word 'Educo.' It is not 'to teach.' 'Educatio' and 'Doctrina' are not synonymous. The word seems primarily applied to all that aids in rearing and maturing to full expansion and vigour the kindly fruits of the earth. When we apply it to the training of the inner Man, we mean by it all that aids in expanding and maturing all holy and healthful faculties and powers. And that education is imperfect, which neglects the moral qualities and the faculty of discerning and managing the tempers and natures of others, which all must possess who would rule wisely and obey well."

Laying due emphasis on the words "under due superintendence and safeguards against its abuse," and "being based on other feelings than mere dread of brute force," we cordially agree with the writer; and trust that wheresoever that necessary superintendence is neglected and that brute force consequently develops itself into cruelty and oppression, destructive to every good principle in the mind and health in the body, it will be put down with a high hand and indignantly denounced and prevented for ever. We are not sure that Mr. Creasy does not fall short of this; for he says:

"As there has been lately published a fresh batch of the attacks which fussy philanthropists are fond of making against the system of fagging at our public schools, I shall not close this account of Eton without adverting to that subject. All below the fifth form at Eton are called lower boys, and the upper ones have a right to command their services. The boys of the lower remove lower division are in an intermediate state, without the power of fagging others, but relieved from the burthen of being fagged themselves. Each lower boy has his particular master among the sixth form, or upper fifth form boys, for whom he performs certain stated services; and who, by the general custom and feeling of the school, becomes his patron and protector.

"The opponents of fagging generally make three grounds of complaint against it. They say, 1st, that it injures the character of the upper boys by placing undue power in their hands; 2ndly, that it is attended with oppression and cruelty to the lower boys; and, 3rdly, that the menial services exacted of the fags are degrading to gentlemen's sons."

"This notion (i.e. the first) however of fagging deteriorating the characters of the upper boys is rather a flourish of transcendental psychology than a sincere *bonâ fide* objection made by the opponents of fagging. What they mainly rely on, and what no doubt many of them believe in, is the alleged cruelty of the system towards the lower boys. Now to this I fearlessly answer, that fagging at Eton causes no oppression and prevents a great deal. I speak from personal knowledge and experience, which is

more than I ever knew any opponent of the system do; for while fagging is constantly attacked by persons who were never at a public school, and who consequently know little or nothing of what they talk about, it is almost invariably defended by public-school men who really do understand the subject.

"As for the idea that gentlemen's sons are degraded by fagging, it can only originate in a very silly sort of pride, and in a most mistaken way of regarding the mass of mankind. The argument must run thus:—'A boy in fagging has to render services to his master which the poor are usually hired to render to the rich. The poor are inferior beings, and *ergo* the boy is degraded by being assimilated to them.' Rather ought we to admire the system which makes the young aristocrat at once, on his entrance at a public school, drop all silly notions about his being a superior being to his poorer fellow-creatures; which teaches him that as he himself is not degraded by making himself useful to others, so in after-life he must not think those classes degraded who are compelled to depend for their living on their utility. For there is no respect of persons shown at Eton. The son of the proudest peer is on a fair level with the boy of humblest birth in the school. They are on equal terms not only in school, but out of school. The young nobleman, if he is a brilliant scholar, or if he is a good cricketer, a crack oar, or a tough foot-ball player, will be looked up to by his school-fellows; if he is of a frank and kindly nature, he will be liked. But no exemption or pretensions on the score of purse or pedigree are admitted in this admirable youthful democracy. And while the children of the highest and wealthiest in the land thus work their way fairly through the school, the boy of humble rank, if he be right-minded and honourable, finds his industry encouraged, talents justly rewarded, and no impediment against his becoming foremost among his youthful comrades in study or in sport, save that which arises from fair and friendly competition."

These excerpts form certainly as fair a defence of fagging, or rather eulogy upon it, as could well be offered; but after all we must hold that the question mainly depends upon the *modus operandi*—the practical administration under the safeguards in that case made and provided. The Newcastle Scholarship* appears to have produced excellent fruits; and Prince Albert's annual Prizes have given a great impetus to the study of modern languages; promising still more extensive and beneficial effects hereafter,

* "In 1829, when the munificence of an old Etonian gave a greater stimulus to increased and varied study throughout the school, than has often been effected in any institution by the single act of an individual benefactor. In that year, His Grace the present Duke of Newcastle founded three scholarships of fifty pounds each per year, for superior proficiency in divinity and classics. Each scholarship was made tenable for three years, so as to ensure a vacancy every year."

"The institution of the Newcastle Scholarship at once remedied to a great extent the chief defect then existing in the Eton system, namely, the want of an annual examination of the boys in the higher parts of the school. This want was not, and is not, completely remedied—but the Newcastle Scholarship has done very much to correct it."

"A new path to distinction was opened, and a reward for merit in other parts of the school business, besides composition, was offered. Now it was that attention to the school lessons began to tell, not merely in saving a boy from censure, but in raising him to distinction."

Enlarged 123.]

not only to that branch, but to other auxiliary departments of knowledge.

Our Rugby authority is no less warm in praise of his *Alma Mater*. Her history, topography (if we may apply the phrase to a verbal impersonation of the sex), use, and progress are gone through: there is a list of masters, and a description of the course of study, sports, recreations, and scholastic and out-of-door habits of the pupils. To Laurence Sheriff, a gallant London grocer, *temp.* Elizabeth, (who would have been a leading "Special" in our day,) is assigned the honour of being founder; and in 1814, the property he bequeathed to the school produced £2,378 per annum, and even this sum is insignificant compared with the present revenue. Rugby has had its ups and downs, like Westminster, Harrow, and the rest. At Christmas, 1808, there were only 186 boys; now there are about 490; and its partial and grateful disciple says of it:

"Second to one other public school only in point of numbers, it yields to none in reputation; for there is, we believe, no other that has ever gained so many university honours in one year as did the Rugbians of 1846-7."

To encourage it Her Majesty has founded an annual prize of a gold medal; and other prizes in different branches of education, hitherto neglected, have also been instituted, and with the usual and expected serviceable results. The accounts of the old games and customs are amusing; and we may presume that the two books to which we have thus directed attention, will not only be valued by the Alumni of the two schools, but considered worthy of regard by all who are engaged in the momentous task of education.

EARLY TIMES OF GEORGE III.

Letters addressed to the Countess of Ossory, from 1769 to 1797. By Horace Walpole. Edited by the Right Hon. R. Vernon Smith, M.P. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

JUSTLY entitled on the fly-leaf "Characteristic Sketches of Society, Politics, and Literature," we have here another series of the Walpole Correspondence, every part of which has been, and continues to be, so popular. Never was half a century more naively and curiously illustrated than by the single pen of this one man; and every fresh accession which we receive of contemporary memoirs, only serves to prove how much more worthy of confidence he is, than cavillers have hitherto been disposed to allow. Lord Hervey's posthumous work bears directly and strongly on this position; and in concluding our review of that interesting publication, this day, we gladly take up the present novelty as a cognate and welcome sequel to those striking revelations. The Countess of Ossory, to whom the letters are addressed, was an individual of superior beauty and talent; and consequently we may suppose the writer of them to have been upon his best metal in their composition (yet often using expressions that would be wonderful and intolerable to a lady in our day). But they will speak for themselves, though we only introduce them shortly into this *Gazette*, not wishing to fill it too much with matter of a similar description; there is, notwithstanding, variety enough to run through many of our Numbers. We begin with a little dramatic and literary gossip, December 14, 1771.

"There is a new tragedy at Covent Garden called 'Zobeide,' which I am told is very indifferent, though written by a country gentleman; and there is a new 'Timon of Athens,' altered from Shakspeare by Mr. Cumberland, and marvellously well done, for he has caught the manners and diction of the original so exactly, that I think it is full as bad a play as it was before he corrected it. Lord Lyttelton has published the rest of his 'Henry the Second,' but I doubt has executed it

a little carelessly, for he has not been above ten years about it. I began it, but I don't know how, I was tired. It is so crowded with clouds of words, and they are so uninteresting, that I think one may dispute, as metaphysicians do, whether all the space is a plenum or vacuum. Lady Sackville told me t'other day of a new discovery, which, I suppose, is metaphysical too—that there is no such colour as grey, but that what we call so is green or blue. I am rejoiced at it, and have some thoughts of going without powder, and insisting that my hair is green."

Our next is a specimen of the whimsical *jeu d'esprit* in which Walpole was fond of indulging:

"THE SEQUEL TO GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.—The two nations of the giants and fairies had long been mortal enemies, and most cruel wars had happened between them. At last, in the year 2,000,096, Oberon the Four hundred and Thirtieth had an only daughter, who was called Illipip, which signified the Corking-pin, from her prodigious stature, she being full eighteen inches high, which the fairies said was an inch taller than Eve the first fairy. Gob, the Emperor of the giants, had an only son, who was as great a miracle for his diminutiveness; for, at fifteen, he was but seven-and-thirty feet high, and though he was fed with the milk of sixteen elephants every day, and took three hogsheds of jelly of lions between every meal, he was the most puny child that ever was seen, and nobody expected that he would ever be reared to man's estate. However, as it was indispensably necessary to marry him, that the imperial family might not be extinct, and as an opportunity offered of terminating the long wars between the two nations by an union of the hostile houses; ambassadors were sent to demand the Princess of the fairies for the Prince of the giants, who, I forgot to say, was called the Delicate Mountain. The Queen of the fairies, who was a woman of violent passions, was extremely offended at the proposal, and vowed that so hopeful a girl as Corking-pin should not be thrown away upon a dwarf; however, as Oberon was a very sage monarch, and loved his people, he overruled his wife's impetuosity, and granted his daughter. Still the Queen had been so indiscreet as to drop hints of her dissatisfaction before the Princess, and Corking-pin set out with a sovereign contempt for her husband, whom she said she supposed she should be forced to keep in her tooth-pick-case for fear of losing him. The witticism was so applauded by all the court of fairy, that it reached the ears of Emperor Gob, and had like to have broken off the match.

"On the frontiers of the two kingdoms the Princess was met by the Emperor's carriages. A litter of crimson velvet, embroidered with seed pearls as big as ostriches' eggs, and a little larger than a cathedral, was destined for the Princess, and was drawn by twelve dromedaries. At the first stage she found the bridegroom, who, for fear of catching cold, had come in a close sedan, which was but six-and-forty feet high. He had six under-waistcoats of bear-skin, and a white handkerchief about his neck twenty yards long. He had the misfortune of having weak eyes, and when the Princess descended from her litter to meet him, he could not distinguish her. She was wonderfully shocked at his not saluting her, but when his governor whispered him which was she, he spit upon his finger and stretched out his hand to bring her nearer to his eye, but unluckily fixed upon the great mistress of the Queen's household, and lifted her up in the air in a very unseemly attitude, to the great diversion of all the young fairy lords. The lady squalled dreadfully, thinking the Prince was going to devour her. As misfortune would have it, notwithstanding all the Emperor's precaution, the Prince had taken cold, and happening at that very instant to sneeze, he blew the old

lady ten leagues off, into a mill-pond, where it was forty to one but she had been drowned. The whole cavalcade of the fairies was put into great disorder likewise, by this untoward accident, and the cabinet councillors deliberated whether they should not carry back the Princess immediately to her father, but Corking-pin, it seems, had not found the Prince so disagreeable as she expected, and declared that she would not submit to the disgrace of returning without a husband. Nay, she said, to prevent any more mistakes, she would have the marriage solemnized that night. The nuptial ceremony was accordingly performed by the Archbishop of St. Promontory, but the governor declared that he had the Empress's express injunctions not to let them live together for two years, in consideration of the Prince's youth and tender constitution. The Princess was in such a rage that she swore and stamped like a mad woman, and spit in the archbishop's face. Nothing could equal the confusion occasioned by this outrage. By the laws of Giantland, it was death to spit in a priest's face. The Princess was immediately made close prisoner, and couriers were dispatched to the two courts, to inform them of what had happened. By good fortune, the chief of the law, who did not love the archbishop, recollected an old law which said that no woman could be put to death for any crime committed on her wedding-day. This discovery split the whole nation of giants into two parties, and occasioned a civil war, which lasted till the whole nation of giants was exterminated; and as the fairies, from a factious spirit, took part with the one side or other, they were all trampled to death, and not a giant or fairy remained to carry on either race."

Here is a criticism on "She Stoops to Conquer," when it came out, March, 1773.

"What play makes you laugh very much, and yet is a very wretched comedy? Dr. Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer.' Stoops, indeed!—so she does, that is, the muse; she is dragged up to the knees, and has trudged, I believe, from Southwark fair. The whole view of the piece is low humour, and no humour is in it. All the merit is in the situations, which are comic; the heroine has no more modesty than Lady Bridget, and the author's wit is as much *manqué* as the lady's; but some of the characters are well acted, and Woodward speaks a poor prologue, written by Garriek, admirably."

The postscript to one letter proposes the following old riddle, which we copy to exercise the talent of the adepts at conundrums:

"Four people sat down at a table to play: They play'd all that night, and some part of next day; This one thing observ'd, that when they were seated, Nobody played with them, and nobody betted; Yet when they got up, each was winner a guinea; Who tells me this riddle, I'm sure is no nunny."

A singular trait of the times is thus recounted: "The next scene lies in Calais. You shall have the identical words of my Lady Fenouillet's letter:

"I must acquaint you with a piece of insolence done to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. Their Royal Highnesses, upon their arrival here on Saturday se'night, went to the play, as likewise on Sunday. On Monday morning two of the players waited on their Royal Highnesses to thank them for the honour that had been done them, and to receive the gratification usual upon such occasions. The Duke gave them three guineas for the two representations, which was so far from satisfying these gentry, that, by way of impertinence, they sent their candle-snuffer, a dirty fellow, to present a bouquet to the Duchess, who was rewarded for his impudence with a volley of *coups de baton*. This chastisement did not intimidate the actors, who sent one of their troop after the Duke to St. Omer, with a letter, to know if it was really

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true his Royal Highness gave but three guineas, for that they, the players, suspected their companions had pocketed the best part of what was given. What answer the Duke gave I know not, but the man who went with the letter has been put in prison, and the whole troop has been ordered to leave the town—*voilà qui est bien tragique pour les comédiens.* This affair is as much talked on at Calais, as if it was an affair of state."

As we have said, this is a mere introductory welcome to a very welcome publication, we conclude with a variety-extract, Nov. 23, 1774.*

"The nation had another great loss last night: Lord Clive went off suddenly. He had been sent for to town by one of his Indian friends—and died. You may imagine, madam, all that is said already. In short, people will be forced to die before as many witnesses as an old Queen is brought to bed, or the coroner will be sent for."

"Have you got the 'History of the Troubadours'? It is very curious: I have longed for it several years, and yet am cruelly disappointed. St. Palaye was too old to put his materials together; his friends called, odd man! and nothing was ever so dully executed. You will say of the chapters, as I did of the houses at Paris, there is such a sameness, that one does not know whether one is in that one is in, or in that one came out of."

"Lord H. has just been here, and told me the manner of Lord Clive's death. Whatever had happened, it had flung him into convulsions, to which he was very subject. Dr. Fothergill gave him, as he had done on like occasions, a dose of laudanum, but the pain in his bowels was so violent, that he asked for a second dose. Dr. Fothergill said, if he took another, he would be dead in an hour. The moment Fothergill was gone, he swallowed another, for another it seems stood by him, and he is dead."

ROME, MEDIEVAL AND MODERN.

Discorso sopra le Finanze di Roma nei Secoli di Mizzio. Di a Coppi. Roma.

THE small historico-economic writings of the Abate Antonio Coppi always meet with a welcome; for their comprehensive brevity and rich contents are invariably combined with extreme accuracy, and a conscientious reference to the sources of the data. The present treatise on the financial relations of Rome in the middle ages, preliminary to observations respecting their state in later years as well as in the present times, is of especial importance at this moment, in which the re-organisation of the papal financial system, which is suffering from such deep seated evils, is engaging universal attention, and is a question of vital consequence both in the States of the Church and in the temporal powers. The documents and books of accounts cited in the works of annalists and historiographers, of the currency question in the middle ages, do not, unhappily, give more than a cursory survey of receipt and expenditure; fuller details were not given till the sixteenth century, after the papal power had acquired that consolidated constitution, which has extended to our times, in which it appears highly probable that an essential reorganisation will again take place.

The first mention of the Romish financial system (Muratori Ant. Ital. M.A. Diss. XIX.) refers to a toll which Gregory VII. demanded, about 1080, from passengers crossing the bridge of St. Angelo, for the collection of which he caused a tower to be erected there. Cencius Camerarius mentions a tribute paid to the Pope by the inhabitants of Ninfia, in the province of Marittima. When a contract was concluded in 1188, between Clemens III. and the senate, it was noted in the same that "the receipts should be divided between the Pope and the Muni-

cipium; a third part of the current coin was to remain in the hands of the senate, all the royal dues both within and without the city were to fall to the Pope, save those of the bridge of Lucca on the road to Tivoli; and a third part of the money coined at Rome was to be annually paid by the Pope to the senate; as well as 100 lire (C. Lib. honorum) for the standing repairs of the city walls." In 1190, the inhabitants of Rieti, in the Sabina, promised to pay the moiety of the mulets, tolls, &c., &c., as tribute to the Pope; in 1230, the mulets of Castel Serrone, in La Campagna, were given to the Fiscum by an ordinance of Pope Gregory IX. After 1259, Tivoli paid the annual tribute of 1000 lire. There is an inscription in verse in the Vatican, from which it appears that, on the subjugation of the rebellious Toscanella in 1300, a yearly canon of 2000 rubris of wheat, or the redemption of 1000 lire, was imposed on that city. By the establishment of the Jubilaum by Boniface in 1300, an immense mass of wealth flowed into the papal coffers, a portion of which was employed in the purchase of the ground for the basilica of the Vatican.

The revenues of the Pope increased rapidly after this period; Boniface left no less a sum than 15 millions of golden guilders, or, according to Giovanni Villani, 18 millions in corn and 7 millions in jewels, costly vessels, &c., &c. Innumerable tolls, imposts, taxes, tributes, first fruits, confiscations, and fines were levied. Alexander VI., 1492, augmented the revenue by the expulsion of the dynasties of the States of the Church, but his wars were so expensive that he was forced to raise a loan of 45,000 golden guilders. The Jubilee of 1500 again brought large sums to Rome, and this was increased by a new indulgence, which gave persons in foreign countries, who were unable to visit Rome, all the privileges of the pilgrimage, on payment of one third of the travelling expenses. According to Bembo, the Republic of Venice raised no less than 709 pounds of gold by this means, which, however, the Pope remitted to the senate, for the expenses of the Turkish war, to which object the tenth of the income of the clergy of the whole Catholic world were then devoted. On this occasion a valuation was made of the income of the Holy College, and of the officials of the Kurie, from which it appeared that the forty Cardinals had a yearly income of 389,000 golden guilders; among them Cardinal Raffael Riario had 18,000; Della Rovera (afterwards Julius II.), 20,000; Guid' Ascania Sforza, brother of the duke of Milan, 30,000. The tithes of the college consequently amounted to 38,900 guilders, and those of the officials to 10,792.

In 1801 the public debt amounted to 74 million scudi, exclusive of paper money; by the abolition of convents, &c., which were the principal creditors, the debt was reduced, under the French, to about half that amount, and the other half was liquidated in the relative proportion of 2-5.

The recent history of the papal finances reveals a melancholy tale. On the death of Pope Pius VII., 1823, there was a balance in the state treasury of 666,499 scudi; then however a deficit commenced, which became very considerable about 1828. In 1831 and 1832 it rose to 1,929,632 scudi, then to 4,518,053 scudi, and after considerable fluctuation remained pretty stationary at 800,000 scudi, although the net revenue has increased a full third since 1823. It is now nearly 1,200,000 scudi, while the national debt is no less than 40,000 scudi!

LIGHT LITERATURE.

Biscuits and Grog. Personal Reminiscences and Sketches. By Percival Plug, R.N. Pp. 132. Darlings.

BELONGING to the Thackeray School, and not unworthy to take a high class in it; this little bit

of humour and satire, especially on naval affairs and officers, is a clever contribution to the too prevalent idle grin and sarcastic laugh of the day. With a degree of spirit and talent above the ordinary set, whose lives seem to be occupied in dull efforts at point and fun, Midshipman Plug shows both education and observation. He is a lively fellow, and not an ill-natured one, nor one determined to have his joke, however it may injure merit, or wound humanity. It is not his cue,

With ribald jest t'insult a fallen King,
And pierce misfortune with a feat'ring sting:

even though the monarch may have deserved his fate, and pulled down along with him the unworthy, as well as the virtuous and good. Generous natures never gloat and triumph over wretched humanity; but views even the punishment of guilt with pity and sorrowing. The noise and buzz of vermin and blow-flies over carrion (on which they live), is not more disgusting than the British Press disgraced by every heartless taunt and unfeeling ridicule, with which it assails the unfortunate and unhappy. But to our small tome, for two or three small specimens of its character. It commences thus:

"It is customary for those who favour the English public with their personal reminiscences to begin by giving an account of their pedigree and ancestry. I am sure I should be very happy to follow the general rule, if it were in my power, but, unfortunately, the origin of the Plug family is lost in the obscurity which envelopes many more important matters. As far back as my great-grandfather I certainly can go. An honoured family tradition preserves the fact, that a butt of claret was drank at the funeral of that individual by his pious and sorrowing friends. This was a good old Scotch custom which modern innovation has removed. 'Now-a-days' (remarks a respected Scotch friend) 'it's no worth while to gang to a funeral for a' that ye get.'"

"To trace my progress from the cradle would, necessarily, be uninteresting. I cried, and ate pap—just as Shakespeare did at a similar period of his life, and—with precocious sagacity—quitted my native Scotland when quite a boy. At school, in England, I was flogged and taught the classics; learned to vote the pious 'Eneas a bore—my master an impostor, and all study a humbug—in fact, received the rudiments of a regular English education."

"To what it is to be attributed I know not, but certain it is, that among the youth of Great Britain a very strong feeling prevails in favour of a sea life. Robinson Crusoe has certainly something to do with it, and the works of Captain Marryat increase the feeling, by imbuing the juvenile mind with a delusive idea, that an officer in the navy has nothing to do but drink grog, and go on shore and make love to beautiful damsels with dark eyes. The effect of the idea is, to send shoals of the British youth into the navy long before they know anything about their fitness, or unfitness, for it, or any other profession, in consequence of which we perpetually meet with officers afloat who ought to have been parsons ashore, and vice versa. What a splendid boatswain was lost to the service in the Bishop of—! What a glorious ranter to the conventicle in Captain—! I fell myself completely into the notion that Providence had intended me for a commodore. I chewed liquorice in the hope that the unwary would take it for a chew of tobacco; abandoned braces, in order to give my trousers a hitch; and longed for the time when I should have the opportunity of rushing, sword in hand, on some unoffending Frenchman, who had never done me any harm. My guardian offered no great opposition. The navy is a fine profession—and cheap. He was willing to sacrifice his ward to his country; by so doing he would be giving a pledge to the state—in short, getting rid of a troublesome boy at the expense of fifty

* At page 22, we notice a letter accidentally put out of its proper place or date.

pounds a-year. Besides, who knows how soon a war might break out? I might, possibly, die a hero in the moment of victory—and the cost of my allowance would be at an end, and no funeral expenses to pay."

The hero's entrance into the navy, and other passages, smack of old Tobias Smollett; and after fitting out his ship at Sheerness, he gets to Plymouth, and gives us a digression on seaports, of which the annexed is a sample brick:

"In the first place, it always rains at Plymouth; always blows at Portsmouth; and at Sheerness, always does both.

"With regard to the society of seaports, nobody cares a rap for you unless you are naval or military, and if you are, they care for you in proportion to your money. Ensign Booby, with £600 a-year, obtains more respect than any captain or colonel of inferior means. In the next place, if you are single, you are bored to death by mammas wanting to get you married, and if you are married, your wife is probably snubbed by the wives of other people. In fact, in seaport towns the women rank with their husbands—Mrs. Captain Tomkins above Mrs. Lieutenant Brown, and so on.

"As to the military portion of the community, as many of the men in every regiment are of good family, they look down upon the seaport people, and think they do them a great favour by associating with them. Some regiments won't ask midshipmen to their mess. These to be sure, are few. However, the naval messes in their turn fight shy of the military, and talk of a mess dinner contemptuously, as a 'barnack feed.' Then there are naval cliques and military cliques. The former abjure those d-d soldiers; the latter shudder at those horrid salt water fellows. 'I can't bear Mrs. Bubble's parties,' says a young lady, 'her rooms are black with naval officers.' These friendly sentiments tend wonderfully to promote convivial parties.

"And then, reader, the *shopiness* of seaport social conversation! When military power is dominant, you hear of So-and-so of the 101st, and So-and-so of the 180th; how Sluggish's horse ran at the Tweedledum Races; and how Jenkins pulled the nose of Blubber, of the Heavy Baboons Regiment; of the prices of saddles and bridles, and the merits of hair triggers; of the late court martial, and the new cartouche-box.

"Even this is more tolerable, however (with shame I confess it), than the *shop* dialogue of a naval party. There you hear of the Vanguard's lower deck ports, and the Inconstant's rate of sailing; of hoisting in a launch or rigging a pin-nace. There you, and your wives and daughters, may learn the latest improvements in all naval inventions. Should an elderly lady be anxious to know which clue of a mainsail to haul up when it is blowing hard (a piece of information most useful to her), she is sure to learn it in such societies; and a high-church divine may acquire a perfect acquaintance with the merits of Symondite vessels.

"As to seaport *scandal*, I leave that department with confidence till I speak of Malta. I flatter myself that my observations on the subject will be as welcome to the inhabitants of that island as the *sirocco*.

"On entering the houses of some naval officers (mark, I only say some!) you involuntarily recognise old acquaintances. The rope which draws up the bucket from the well, is good ship's 34; and the biscuits that accompany the 30s. Marsala are stamped with the Queen's arrow.

"When parties are given, ship's boats bear the guests, and the music of a ship's band keeps tune to the popping of the gooseberry.

"But it is worthy of remembrance that some years ago, when a naval officer was killed at Plymouth, a colonel in command of a regiment (I wish I remembered the creature's name) re-

fused to allow the regimental band to attend his remains to the grave; and it is still more worthy of remembrance that the mates who attended a meeting held to express the indignation which arose in the breast of every man of feeling at the denial—had all their promotions stopped by the Admiralty!

"It is sometimes dangerous to have the feelings of humanity, and the courage to express them!"

The principal portion of the book, however, relates to Malta and naval life in the Mediterranean, and many shrewd remarks are mingled with the comic and piquant sketches. The introduction may illustrate this:

"The time of the year is winter, but the weather is mild, and Marmorice Bay is sheltered by the hills. While the Caliban is lying there, with nothing to do, and the Turkish Fleet is equally idle, and a shade more dirty—each ship with its gaudy gilded stern, looking like something between Noah's Ark, and a Lord Mayor's Barge; I beg to request the readers company to a slight excursion to the East—the land of poetry and poverty; of sweet flowers and deadly reptiles; of 'airs from Heaven' fit to ventilate a paradise; and of stench that would terrify the Sanitary Commission; that would appal even those benevolent busybodies, who will have—not a finger—but a nose—in 'everybody's pie'; and those professional philanthropists, who 'seek the bubble reputation, even in the sewer's mouth.'"

We add one of the naval touches, and with it leave Mr. Plug's performance to the public favour it so well deserves.

"After some hours pulling, the boat reached the Esk, and while Bummer was delivering the despatches, my friend O'Doodle took care to procure from the midshipman's berth a couple of 'stone-masons' of good strong Hollands—bottles, the sight of which at any time would rouse into animation the coldest individual, but how much more if he was just starting at the beginning of a long evening, on a ten miles' pull! It is not in human nature, to be sulky with two such bottles in view, and Bummer began to relax. His fat cheeks glowed; the dewlap under his chin wagged; his little eyes sparkled merrily, and he began to nudge my friend, O'Doodle, with the air of a jolly fellow.

"What say you to trying one of these, sir?" said O'Doodle.

"I'm sure I see no objection," said Bummer. "Out went the cork, and in an instant that little 'rattle in the throat' was heard, which, in a bottle, as in a man, tells that the spirit is about to depart. 'Hah! Capital stuff that. Where the deuce did the Esk get hold of it? Are you ready for another?'"

"Round went the bottle, and this time the crew were helped to a glass. This invigorated them, and they 'gave way' lustily. Once more round went the pleasure-bringer, and again and again.

"I don't think," mused Bummer, 'that a song would do us any harm. Who can give us a song?' he cried. 'Jones, lay in your oar and give us a song.'

"Jones complied, and then Hobson and Dobbs; and then Bummer himself, and then O'Doodle.

"The second bottle was broached, and now the men began to 'catch crabs,' and very little progress was made. They splashed each other with the oars, and roared in the most discordant manner. Poor O'Doodle put his head under his wing, and took a nap. At last the boat reached the shore. Bummer went up to the consul's house with the despatches, and the men began to quarrel and fight. O'Doodle interfered to prevent them, and was knocked into the water. One man got stabbed with a knife.

"By this time their absence had excited surprise on board, and a boat was sent for them.

They were taken off to the Snob—poor O'Doodle being attired *à la Turc*, having changed his wet clothes for an oriental garb! Dignity had once more become predominant in Bummer, and he walked a long time haughtily about the deck. Both of them were punished for this offence by dismissal from the service, which finished their naval career, and finishes this chapter."

The Eventful History of Mrs. Slam's Trip to Italy. By Fiddlesticksandrubbish. Lane.

A squin of the hour, and with more sparkle from it than from most of the pretending humourists and satirists of the day. It is on the good Ingoldsby model, and though far behind the original whim, quaint comic illustration, and extraordinary rhymes and rhythms of the prototype, it is, nevertheless, a smart and piquant trifle, with some pleasant hits both in the prose and verse.

Mrs. Slam's *début* at a grand ball at Florence shall prove our case:

I.
In a glittering room, well lighted up,
The Grand Duke of Tuscany gave a ball;
There were mirrors and chandeliers enough—
Plenty of ices and *bon-bons* for all.
Such lots of quadrilling
For those who were willing;
Such toe-tickling airs,
And such beautiful pairs!
The gentlemen's coat-tails sticking out with delight,
And the shoes of the ladies, so small and so white;
That when each took his *gal* on,
And waltzed round the *salon*,
It was more than diverting,
Not to mention the flirting.
Oh! that wicked waltz—it's all well between
The ages of four, till (at most) fourteen; [her?]
At thirteen, cry 'Ease her' at fourteen, cry 'Stop'
For waltzing from that age is highly improper.

II.
And the company there
Was beyond all compare.
No less than the Grand Duke of Tuscany,
In a dreadful perspiration paces,
The glittering scene—who, with the Court, you see,
Are all wiping of their royal faces.
There's Count M'cento
In favour at court,
With a Duchess *aristo*—
That is, she was bought
From her husband *Garnido*.
There's Lord Thrum,
Who's here come
With Miss Marous
(A mystical pair);
Several German barons,
With white-brown hair.
There's the Count D'Estrange,
Who speaks English a little;
Calls Miss Jones his *bon ange*,
And plays on 'de fiddle'.
All the Ambassadors from foreign lands,
With all their stars and mighty glittering orders on
Except, I guess, the Minister from Washington,
Who in his pockets always wears his hands.
Look—there His Excellence of Russia's seated,
Count Walkusoff,
With a slight cough,
Caught at Moscow when the French retreated.
And there's His Excellence of England,
And His Excellence of France,
All dancing to the self-same band,
And all in the self-same dance.
There you may scan
A clergyman—
The Rev. D., who's a living in Kent.
He's here by his good-natured bishop sent,
For a dreadful attack
In the small of his back,
'Caused by the dullness of country life'—
Which also affected his charming wife;
A lady who had a particular frenzy
For passing a winter at Rome or Firenze.
Mrs. Fyforshane,
A serious lady of sixty-three,
Cannot help but blame
Such conduct in Rev. Mr. D.;
And that good creature said,
With a shake of the head,
If she wasn't a female, she'd just like to strip him—
She meant of his gown—while the bishop might whip [him].

III.
There was Prince Clarowski,
All covered with braid,
And another Pole, Sniskis,
Whose queer name is made
Very plain, if you please,
By a short, stifled sneeze.

With illustrious people from all over the world. Tight-booted, tight-gloved, tight-laced, and tight-curlled."

Old Aunt Deborah's opinion of the writer (her nephew, who had sent his ms. for her perusal) is not bad persiflage:

"We want (she says) a grand Historian—a young Herodotus—to please the taste of our day. If we haven't got any pyramids to talk about, we have many equally wonderful monuments; which, described in the nervous style of Tacitus, would tell. Take the Nelson monument. 'The Reign of Victoria is distinguished for great monuments of art. The "Testimonial" of Nelson is the admiration of the world. A Corinthian column carries the eye up to the hero of Trafalgar, sitting on a sugar loaf. There he is, with his eye out, one arm, and one cocked hat. A cable—and not a mean one—insidiously winds into the pocket of his tail-coat, and allegorically represents Eternity supporting a British tar in the small of his back.' That is the sort of thing we require—a grand style. But I think I can trace the dawning of another golden age of literature. The German silver ware is evidently going down; and our writers are becoming more independent, original, and noble in their aim. The British public, too, are alive to their efforts. Observe how we have improved since Addison printed. The satirist of to-day don't write at a class—he writes at a man; he's far more honestly personal! Why, even since poor Hood's humours, we've made rapid strides. That amiable old punster could only make amiable fun out of imaginary persons. Our greatest authors find it profitable to play a sort of leapfrog with their brother scribblers and all public men. They make them 'tuck in their heads' and expose their most ridiculous parts to the public; whilst the intelligent crowds gladly pay two-pence each, to see the giants of learning jump over them, or crush them to the earth."

NEW PERIODICALS, ETC.

LIKE new year's day, the first acknowledged day of summer is favourable to the appearance and sprouting of new periodicals; and though the present supply is rather of a puzzling extent, several novelties have come forth, which bid fair to take their place, as fresh flowers or fruits do in our gardens, prized as varieties in their flora.

First we may mention No. 1, of *Old London Bridge*, by G. Herbert Rodwell, whose talents, not only in this line, but in music and the drama, have made him popular and acceptable in all. A capital engraving of the bridge and houses upon it, as in ancient times, is alone sufficient to make a volume welcome; but the tale also begins with good promise, and is laid to an old date when old pastimes were in vogue. The author, we see, causes his lower characters on the river to speak in modern slang, which, though an anachronism, need not spoil the humours of their conversation.

Next we have to notice No. 1 of *Roland Cashel*, by Charles Lever, and illustrated by Phiz. It opens in a new scene, namely, South America, but is quickly transferred to Ireland; and we need hardly add of a writer like Mr. Lever, that he appears to be quite at home in both hemispheres, and that the antecedents promise a tale of much interest.

Part I. *A Descriptive Atlas of Astronomy and Physical and Political Geography*, by the Rev. T. Milner, M.A., seems, as far as we can ascertain from so small a portion, to be diligently compiled and due attention paid to recent scientific discoveries. The maps are neatly executed.

Part I. *Social Distinctions; or, Hearts and Homes*. By Mrs. Ellis, with illustrations by H. Warren. Mrs. Ellis is an indefatigable and earnest labourer for the improvement of society in general and her own sex in particular, and

has been much appreciated through her voluminous career. The present begins a natural picture of middle life, with moral lessons based on every passing circumstance.

Part II. of *Cuvier's Animal Kingdom*. See the favourable opinion of the *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1628, confirmed by this second issue, still occupied with Mammalia.

Nos. I. and II. *The Image of Father*. By the Brothers Mayhew. We have already noticed these *Adelphi* as holding a prominent station, among that confraternity from which proceeds so numerous a "lot" of periodical productions. In this tale they maintain their usual character for astute observation of the world around them, and no small share of humour.

XXIX. *Knight's Monthly Volume* naturally follows the previous "Tale of a Young Monkey," being a very popular and entertaining history of Monkeys throughout the universe.

Part VI. of *Whom to Marry, &c.*, with three of Cruikshank's amusing illustrations, concludes this clever, well-told lesson, which it finishes with poetical and appropriate justice. Every shift in Lotty's life may be studied with advantage by females, so ill-disciplined in mind as she is, and who are not beyond the cure of an application like this.

Notes on the Nobility. By David Ross. Nos. I. and II.

THE first number gives us an account of the Russell family; and the second, of the older and more famous house of Stanley, and commencing that of Moynieux, Seton. To popularise subjects of antiquarian research is the object, and Mr. Ross shows the requisite qualifications.

Gavarni in London. I and II.

GAVARNI is more at home in Paris than London; the second number is, however, an advance upon the first in hitting English characteristics. We remember Pryné's *Microcosm*, and other publications, which left nothing to be wished.

France and its Revolutions. Part I.

COMMENCES one of Mr. Charles Knight's pictorial histories (from 1789 to 1848); the elder portion, as might be expected, illustrated by wood cuts, not new. When we get to the present time there will, of course, be greater novelty.

The Works of Shakspeare, with a Memoir and Essay on his Genius. By Barry Cornwall. Part I.

A NEW edition of the *Immortal*, to be liberally illustrated by Kenny Meadows, has commenced here with *Macbeth* (to the 1st scene of the 5th act); and is printed, as well as ornamented, in a handsome style. A page of brief but sensible remarks follows a portrait of the poet, and prefaces the play. Then come the mysterious shadowings of unreal and impure shapes, and the representation of striking scenes by the artist. In the former there is much imagination; the tailpiece at the end of the first act being rather an architectural anachronism. Altogether we consider it a very promising commencement, and well deserving of public favour.

The London Anecdotes: The Electric Telegraph

is a little book, and consists of anecdotes which, singularly enough, must all be new, for they are connected with the working of the Electric Telegraph, and that was only invented the other day! Many of them are curious and interesting.

Biographical Memoirs of Louis Philippe (New Library of Useful Knowledge) is a sensible, plain, and straightforward biography; dwelling on actual events, and not marred by political speculations, nor loaded with extraneous matter.

Campaner Thal is another of the small ware issues: a translation of *Richter's Discourses on the Immortality of the Soul*, translated by Julia Bauer. The enthusiasm of this story is its strong recommendation.

Nos. 56, and 57. *Murray's Home and Colonial Library*, gives the life of the great Lord Clive, from the able pen of the Rev. G. R. Gleig, and though in a small form is a work of much individual interest and public importance.

Voice from the Forge. By Elihu Burritt. A zealous appeal in favour of temperance and temperance association, which does credit to the heart and head of the writer. In *Morals as in Music*, we may now say we have a Harmonious Blacksmith!

GREEK CHORUS.

The Quantity and Music of the Greek Chorus Discovered. By the Rev. W. W. Mo-eley, A.M., LL.D. Pp. 40. Oxford, Parker.

"Vossius, Scaliger, Hermann, Burney, Porson, Burgess, and every other writer on the Greek Chorus, have tried some very erudite or some very ingenious method of arranging the choral lines into metrical feet, which regularly return in certain given places. In fact, every variety of prosaic feet has been tried, poetical licenses without number have been taken, and numerous different readings have been employed to accomplish this purpose.

"But notwithstanding the great liberties which have been taken, the mixed feet that have been tried, and the various readings that have been resorted to, not a single pair of choral orders has been scanned into any metres or arranged upon any principles that have ever induced the most partial or sanguine to suppose that he had discovered their quantity."

So states our author, and reasons upon the statement, that—

"The choral orders were certainly composed on some general principles or by some common rules well known to the theatrical writers of ancient Greece. This, we presume, is an axiom that will be generally admitted. Nor is it less certain that they were sung to some simple melody. But the music is lost as well as the metres.

"Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Boetius, Meibomius, and Kircher, have been as diligent in searching for this lost music as the writers before named have been in searching for the metres.

"Nearly every fragment that remains of Greek music has been collected by Dionysius, Boetius, Meibomius, or Kircher. And every melody of the kind that is found in their writings, is composed on principles of great simplicity, in harmony with the elementary literature of the age.

"Guided by a strong conviction that the ancient Greeks composed their choruses upon principles as simple as their music, and recollecting that the most learned Grecians of Germany and England have not been able to arrange the choral lines in any variety of metrical feet which have regularly returned in any given places, it occurred to the writer that the principles of this quantity had probably been misunderstood; and that instead of the Choruses being composed in metrical feet of any kind, they were composed in lines, determinable by some general syllabic rule.

"It was not, however, till many different plans were tried, that he discovered one general rule for scanning the Choruses.

"From Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, he has selected two pair of choral songs, which, without dissolving a diphthong or changing a single word, can be arranged in harmony with his theory of syllabic quantity."

These he quotes in proof, and continues, "It will be instantly seen that in each of these Choruses there is not one line which contains either less or more than seven syllables. Before this number was found to be the rule of their arrangement, several other numbers were tried. But no other possessed the same power of equalizing the lines."

One strophe from Æschylus will serve our purpose to illustrate this position :

"Ἐπεὶ δ' ἀρτίφρων ἐγί- [στροφή]
ντο μέλειος ἀδλί-
ων γάμων, ἐπ' ἀλγεί δυσ-
φορῶν μαινομένη κρα-
δίᾳ διδύμα κάκ' ἀπ'
ἐτίλειεν· πατροφό-
νυ χερί· τῶν κρείσσοις-
κῶν ὀμμάτων ἐπλάγχθη."

But still Dr. Moseley is also forced to confess that, "It is true, some of the Choruses, when arranged in lines of seven syllables, have one, others two, and some three syllables more or less than the necessary quantity. But there is not one Chorus in any Greek tragic writer we have examined, which, by dissolving changeable diphthongs, or availing ourselves of different readings, does not yield, without the aid of a single poetical license, to this theory of their quantity."

The author then enters into an inquiry relating to the mystic sense and moral power of Seven, which led the Greeks to compose their songs by this septenary rule and adopt it for their Diatonic scale, and observes,—

"Seven syllables in each line of the Chorus, and seven notes in the national scale, were harmonies which, in this stage of the inquiry, did not appear to be of any great consequence. But when it occurred to us that the Chorus also consisted of *Seven Singers* on each side of the stage, strophe and antistrophe; these coincidences assumed an important aspect, which they had not before exhibited. *Seven Syllables* in each line of the Choruses, *Seven Notes* in the national scale of music, and *Seven Singers* on each side of the stage to perform the Chorus, were extraordinary coincidents."

The solution he finds in the Russian Horn bands and performers on the flute, "whose instruments having but *one hole*, allow but *one note* to be sounded. This note the performer blows all his life. And, like the performers upon the horn, they acquire the art of blowing their individual note so well, that they render this primitive, this simple style of playing exceedingly agreeable."

"Some of the Cossack tribes, while they enjoyed the luxuries of the south of Europe, during the late war, occasionally beguiled the tedium of exile by singing their national airs in a similar manner; that is, standing in a row, each pronounced a single note in succession."

We have simply laid this case before our classical and musical readers, and must refer them to the work itself for Pindaric and Euripædic fragments of music which Dr. Moseley alleges in support of his theory.

COURT OF GEORGE II.
Lord Hervey's Memoirs.
[Third Notice: conclusion.]

THE political illustration of the Court of George II. in *Lit. Gaz.* (No. 1631,) may be aptly followed by some farther specimens of its more private worthlessness and corruption, the whole presenting a picture which we fondly hope could not be paralleled in our, at any rate externally decent, times. Not so, Lord Hervey's view of his era; for he writes:

"The intrigues of Courts and private families are still the same game, and played with the same cards, the disparity in the skill of the gamblers in each equally great; there are excellently good and execrably bad, and the only difference is their playing more or less deep, whilst the cutting and shuffling, the dealing and the playing is still the same, whether the stakes be halfpence or millions."

The King and his mistresses, the Queen's questionable morality, the feuds and hates in the royal family, furnish materials enow; and if we do not dwell on them to a greater length, it

is only because the volumes in which we find them must belong to every tolerable library in the land, and thus be accessible to the host of curious readers. The nonchalance of his Majesty in consulting his wife about his mistresses is not the least odd of these revelations, and it is worthy of note that his yearly journeys to Hanover, so unpopular to the English nation, were attracted not so much by state reasons or public partialities, as by his desire to spend a few weeks or months in the sensual society of Madame Walmoden. He also enjoyed the same sort of intercourse, within his own palace, with Miss Howard, created Lady Suffolk, whose ultimate separation is about as characteristic as any other portion of these strange stories. The lady had married Mr. George Berkeley, during the absence of her royal lover; and we are told:

"Upon the Queen's mentioning Lady Suffolk's behaviour to her upon her leaving the Court, I said that was a thing that had excited my curiosity more than any incident that had ever happened since my being in it; for that I could not possibly imagine that Lady Suffolk could come to her Majesty and say, 'Madam, your husband being weary of me, I cannot possibly stay in your house or your service any longer;' and yet, if she did not say that, I could not comprehend what it was she did say. The Queen told me Lady Suffolk had not spoken her sense in those words, but that they differed little in their purport from what I imagined was impossible for her to suggest. 'Then, pray, Madam,' said I, 'may I beg to know what was your Majesty's answer?' 'I told her,' said the Queen, 'that she and I were not of an age to think of these sort of things in such a romantic way; and said, 'My good Lady Suffolk, you are the best servant in the world, and, as I should be most extremely sorry to lose you, pray take a week to consider of this business, and give me your word not to read any romances in that time, and then I dare say you will lay aside all thought of doing what, believe me, you will repent, and what I am very sure I shall be very sorry for.'"

On a former occasion, at the beginning of this connection, when Mr. Howard tried to get his wife away from the Court where he was dishonoured, the Queen tells Lord Hervey:

"After this, that old fool my Lord Trevor came to me from *Mrs. Howard*, and, after thanking me in her name for what I had done, proposed to me to give £1200 a-year to Mr. Howard to let his wife stay with me; but as I thought I had done full enough, and that it was a little too much not only to keep the King's *guenipes* (in English *trulls*) 'under my roof, but to pay them too, I pleaded poverty to my good Lord Trevor, and said I would do anything to keep so good a servant as Mrs. Howard about me, but that for the £1200 a-year, I really could not afford it."

The coarseness of Sir Robert Walpole, and his utter laxity of principle, in regard to the most sacred ties of human life, are marvellously exposed through the whole of this narrative. At the infidelities of his own wife he laughed, and jested at the too probable illegitimacy of her progeny; and it was no wonder he looked with similar disregard at the royal vices.

"When Lord Hervey told Sir Robert Walpole how ill it went with the Queen, Sir Robert said it was impossible, since the King had tasted better things, it should be otherwise; and that he had told the Queen she must not expect, after thirty years' acquaintance, to have the same influence that she had formerly; that three-and-fifty and three-and-twenty could no more resemble one another in their effects than in their looks; and that, if he might advise, she should no longer depend upon her person, but her head, for her influence, as the one would now be of little use to her, and the other could

never fail her. He added another piece of advice to this, which I believe was as little tasted as that which introduced it. It was to send for Lady Tankerville, a handsome, good-natured, simple woman (to whom the King had formerly been *coquet*), out of the country, and place her every evening at commerce or quadrille in the King's way. He told the Queen it was impossible the King should long bear to pass his evenings with his own daughters after having tasted the sweets of passing them with other people's, and that, if the King would have somebody else, it would be better to have that somebody chosen by her than by him; that Lady Tankerville was a very safe fool, and would give the King some amusement without giving her Majesty any trouble. Lady Deloraine, who was very handsome, and the only woman that ever played with him in his daughter's apartment, Sir Robert said was a very dangerous one; a weak head, a pretty face, a lying tongue, and a false heart making always sad work with the smallest degree of power or interest to help them forward; and that some degree of power or interest must always follow frequent opportunities given to a very *coquette* pretty woman with a very *coquet* idle man, especially without a rival to disturb or share with her.

"Lord Hervey asked Sir Robert Walpole how the Queen behaved upon his giving her this counsel, and was answered, that she laughed, took it extremely well, and seemed mightily pleased with all he said; which I dare say was not the case. That the Queen laughed, I can easily believe; but imagine the laugh was rather a sign of her having a mind to disguise her not being pleased, than any mark that she was so; and I have the more reason to believe so, as I have been an eye-witness to the manner in which she has received ill-understood jokes of that kind from the same hand, particularly one this year at the King's birthday, when, pointing to some jewels in her hair, she said, 'I think I am extremely fine too, though' (alluding to the manner of putting them on) 'un peu à la mode; I think they have given me horns.' Upon which Sir Robert Walpole burst out into a laugh, and said he believed Mrs. Purcel (the woman who usually dressed the Queen's head) was a wag. The Queen laughed on this occasion too; but, if I know anything of her countenance, without being pleased, and not without blushing.

"This style of joking was every way so ill understood in Sir Robert Walpole, that it was astonishing one of his extreme penetration could be guilty of it once, but it was much more surprising that with all his observation he could be guilty of it twice."

This Lady Deloraine afterwards used to boast of the King's favours, but it seems to be uncertain to what length they were carried. The domestic felicity which could not fail to attend such conduct is thus described:

"Sir Robert thanked Lord Hervey for his compliment, and then began to inquire how the King behaved to the Queen, whether she had gained any ground, or he lost any of his ill temper. Lord Hervey told him he did not perceive either, and told him what was the true state of the case; that the King was generally in a most abominable humour, and that the Queen was the chief mark at which all the sharpest arrows were aimed. His Lordship added too, that if he was the Queen, he should be more exasperated still at his Majesty's good-humour than his bad, for whenever in these vicissitudes the transient fit of good-humour took its turn, it was only to relate the scenes of his happy loves when he was at Hanover, and give her Majesty a detail of all his amorous amusements with her rival.

"The suppers, the balls, the shows and masquerades with which this son of Mars entertained his new Venus were not only the frequent topics

of his private conversation with the Queen at this time, but added to this he had the goodness to bring over pictures of these scenes in fine gilt frames, to adorn the Queen's dressing-room; and was often so gracious to Lord Hervey when he was with their Majesties in this dressing-room for an hour or two in the evening, to take a candle in his own royal hand, and tell him the story of these pictures, running through the names and characters of all the persons represented in them, and what they had said and done the whole night these entertainments had been exhibited; during which lecture Lord Hervey, whilst he was peeping over his Majesty's shoulder at these pictures, was shrugging up his own, and now and then stealing a look to make faces at the Queen, who, a little angry, a little peevish, and a little tired with her husband's absurdity, and a little entertained with his Lordship's grimaces, used to sit and knot in a corner of the room, sometimes yawning and sometimes smiling, and equally afraid of betraying those signs either of her lassitude or her mirth."

Another sample occurs when the Quakers' Bill, in 1736, led to discussions in which the influence of the Church of England was implicated; and we read:

"The King, about a month before the Session concluded, had begun to break the ice in hinting his intention to go again this year to Hanover; and as Madame Walmoden's being with child before he left Hanover had extremely increased his fondness for her before they parted, so the birth of a son this spring had very much whetted his impatience to return to her. A child, in most correspondences of this kind, is a cement that binds them faster; and the silly vanity old men have in getting one was an additional circumstance that made the King's fondness for Madame Walmoden increase much more on this incident than it would have done from the same cause twenty years ago. This being his Majesty's present situation, as the Church debates in Parliament had a little protracted the Session beyond what was expected—and, of course, postponed his Majesty's departure—he grew so inordinately peevish that everybody about him wished him gone almost as much as he wished to leave them."

"It was generally reported, and as generally believed, that he one day said to the Queen on this subject, in one of his fretful transports, when she was talking of what had passed in the House, and that the Bishops should not be suffered by the Court to be so irritated by the present run against them as to be made desperate and irreconcilable; that he did not care a farthing how it ended, provided it did but end some way or other; and, upon her attempting to reply, that he stopped her short, by saying, 'I am sick to death of all this foolish stuff, and wish with all my heart that the devil may take all your Bishops, and the devil take your minister, and the devil take the Parliament, and the devil take the whole island provided I can get out of it and go to Hanover.'"

Another Bishop anecdote may be mentioned here; it relates to the famous Hoadley and his book on the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The King asks Lord Hervey:

"Do you admire his conscience that makes him now put out a book that, till he was Bishop of Winchester, for fear his conscience might hurt his preferment, he kept locked up in his chest? Is his conscience so much improved beyond what it was when he was Bishop of Bangor, or Hereford, or Salisbury (for this book, I hear, was written so long ago)? or was it that he would not risk losing a shilling a-year more whilst there was anything better to be got than what he had? My Lord, I am very sorry you choose your friends so ill; but I cannot help saying, if the Bishop of Winchester is your

friend, you have a great puppy and a very dull fellow and a great rascal for your friend. It is a very pretty thing for such scoundrels, when they are raised by favour so much above their desert, to be talking and writing their stuff, to give trouble to the Government that has showed them that favour; and very modest in a canting hypocritical knave to be crying, 'The kingdom of Christ is not of this world,' at the same time that he, as Christ's ambassador, receives £6000 or £7000 a-year. But he is just the same thing in the Church that he is in the Government, and as ready to receive the best pay for preaching the Bible, though he does not believe a word of it, as he is to take favours from the Crown, though, by his republican spirit and doctrine, he would be glad to abolish its power."

With all her yielding for the sake of preserving her influence with the King, it was impossible but that the Woman in the Queen must have abhorred his infidelities; yet Walpole persuaded her into the policy not only of winking at his Majesty's Hanoverian revels with Walmoden, but even of having her invited to London and a place in the palace.

"Accordingly, a most submissive, kind, and tender letter was written by her Majesty to the King, assuring him she had nothing but his interest and his pleasure at heart; that she had long known such was her duty, and that she hoped he had long known such was her practice; that she hoped the uninterrupted series of her conduct ever since he had known her would make his recollection convince him of this truth more fully than all she could say; and the letter ended with making it her earnest request to the King that he would bring Madame Walmoden to England; and giving him repeated assurances that his wife's conduct to his mistress should be everything he desired when he told his pleasure, and everything she imagined he wished when she was left to guess it."

"The Queen never showed Lord Hervey this letter, nor ever gave him the least hint of her having written one to this effect farther than always agreeing with him when he said he wished this new favourite to be brought over; and frequently, when he talked to her on this subject, she would begin to sing or repeat these words: 'Se mai più sarò gelosa mi punisca il sacro nume,' &c., which was the beginning of a song in one of Handel's operas, called *Porus*; and always spoke of these conjugal infidelities as things about which only girls and fools ever made themselves uneasy; acknowledging at the same time, as she knew the discontent the King's annual journeys to Hanover created here, that there was nothing she wished so much as that he would bring Madame Walmoden over. She would often say at the same time how much she had wished to keep Lady Suffolk at Court; and though the generality of the world, who always made false judgments on these occasions for want of seeing *le dessous des cartes*, had imagined Lady Suffolk's disgrace was the effect of her Majesty's intrigues and a proof of her influence over the King, that it was so much the contrary that she had done all she could to persuade her to stay in that audience Lady Suffolk asked of her; and that when she told the King she had done so, the King snubbed her for it, and said, 'What the devil did you mean by trying to make an old, dull, deaf, peevish beast stay and plague me when I had so good an opportunity of getting rid of her?'"

"But notwithstanding all the reasonable things the Queen could say on these two subjects, of having formerly desired to keep Lady Suffolk at St. James's, and now desiring to bring Madame Walmoden thither, she neither felt all she said, nor was willing even in her own mind to reflect on all she felt, but often deceived even herself as well as others, and (from wishing she could think as her pride and her interest would

dietate to her) would not permit herself to see that the wife in her breast was perpetually combating the Queen, and the woman revolting against the politician."

An answer after some delay was received from the King, "which the Queen showed to Sir Robert Walpole. This letter wanted no marks of kindness but those that men express to women they love; had it been written to a man, nothing could have been added to strengthen its tenderness, friendship, and affection. He extolled the Queen's merit towards him in the strongest expression of his sense of all her goodness to him and the gratitude he felt towards her. He commended her understanding, her temper, and in short left nothing unsaid that could demonstrate the opinion he had of her head and the value he set upon her heart. He told her too she knew him to be just in his nature, and how much he wished he could be everything she would have him. 'Mais vous voyez mes passions, ma chère Caroline! Vous connaissez mes faiblesses, il n'y a rien de caché dans mon cœur pour vous, et plutôt à Dieu que vous pourriez me corriger avec la même facilité que vous m'approfondissez! Plût à Dieu que je pourrais vous imiter autant que je sais vous admirer, et que je pourrais apprendre de vous toutes les vertus que vous me faites voir, sentir, et aimer.' His Majesty then came to the point of Madame Walmoden's coming to England, and said that she had told him she would do anything he would have her, that she relied on the Queen's goodness, and would give herself up to whatever their Majesties thought fit, and to be disposed of implicitly as they should direct. Sir Robert Walpole, who gave Lord Hervey an account of this letter merely by memory (but said he had read it several times), assured Lord Hervey it was so well written, that if the King was only to write to women, and never to strut and talk to them, he believed his Majesty would get the better of all the men in the world with them."

"The King in this letter gave a full description to the Queen of Madame Walmoden's person, understanding, and temper. He said she was far from being a regular beauty, but had a very agreeable countenance; was rather genteelly than exactly made. 'Qu'elle n'avait pas un esprit éclatant, mais enjoué et amusant; mais à l'égard du cœur elle est sûrement la meilleure créature du monde.' This was the conclusion of her corporal and mental picture. In this letter, too, the King having desired the Queen to prepare Lady Suffolk's lodgings for Madame Walmoden, her Majesty, when she had shown the letter to Sir Robert, said, 'Well, now, Sir Robert, I hope you are satisfied. You see this *mignone* is coming to England.' Upon which Sir Robert shook his head. 'What do you mean by that?' said the Queen. 'I mean,' said Sir Robert, 'that your Majesty is not pleased with me when you think she is coming, and that you imagine by this letter that she will do what she no more designs than you wish. Madam, it is very plain to me that she won't come, and that—I wish I could speak Latin to you—I would tell your Majesty that when the King assured her she might depend on your Majesty's goodness to her, I believe her answer was—*sic notus Ulysses!*' 'Pray, explain that to me,' replied the Queen. 'The explanation, Madam,' said Sir Robert, 'is that she has had a character of your Majesty only from your enemies; that she mistrusts when she pretends to confide; that she fears your goodness when she says she relies upon it, and never intends to trust to what—I soften her thoughts when I only say—*she doubts*. I must add too, Madam, though the King tells you more than I believe any man from the beginning of the world ever told his wife of his mistress, yet depend upon it he does not tell you all, and there are some things pass between them—as communicative as you think him and as he really is—unreported. However,

Madam, get him here and be ruled by me. We will notwithstanding all this bring her here and humble her too. Lord Hervey said to me the other day, in speaking on this subject, "If you can but once get this favourite to St. James's she will in three months be everything Lady Suffolk was, but deaf;" and it is really, Madam, the true state of the case, and your only option is whether you will fear her at a distance or despise her near. 'Well,' said the Queen, 'we shall soon see; for I this very day wrote the King word that I will get Lady Suffolk's lodgings ready immediately, and enlarge them by adding the two rooms where my books now are which join to Lady Suffolk's lodgings, and I will hire some rooms for my books in the mean time till my library that is building in the Park shall be fit to receive them.'

"When Sir Robert Walpole told all this again to Lord Hervey, he added that it was those bitches Lady Pomfret and Lady Sundon, who were always bemoaning the Queen on this occasion, and making their court by saying they hoped never to see this woman brought under her Majesty's nose here, who made it so difficult to bring the Queen to do what was right and sensible for her to do."

The Parliamentary corruption kept pace with the Courtier and family venality. When the motion for increasing the Prince's revenue to £100,000 a-year was negatived, much to the gratification of the King, Queen, and Minister; it is recorded:

"Most people thought it cost a great deal of money; but Sir Robert Walpole and the Queen both told me separately that it cost the King but £900,—£500 to one man and £400 to another; and that even these two sums were only advanced to two men who were to have received them at the end of the Session had this question never been moved, and who only took this opportunity to solicit prompt payment."

"When the King after this complained of the usage he met with from the Whigs in distressing his measures and maintaining his rascally puppy of a son (as he called the Prince) against him, Sir Robert said it was not altogether just to reproach any party with a distress brought upon him merely by his own family."

In our notice of this work we have abstained from entering into the points of general historical, and political value, though it is full of, and throws much light on, both—showing what great events spring from trifling causes. And having, we trust, sufficiently exhibited the more interior springs and secret circumstances, we shall now take our leave with one other quotation descriptive of that strange being, King George the Second, Lord Scarborough was seized with an alarming illness, and "the Queen, who never loved Lord Scarborough for the merits he had, and yet believed he had one which he had not (which was a personal attachment to the King), affected being extremely concerned for him, and sent, for a

...together, once or twice a-day to London, to inquire after his health. Both she and the King were equally lavish on this occasion in their encomiums on Lord Scarborough's worth and value, but not equally sincere in them; when they used to talk in their private hours to Lord Hervey of the affection he had personally for the King, Lord Hervey (from a rule he had laid down, of never, unprovoked, doing anybody any ill offices, where ill offices were of so much consequence) always gave in to it; though, the very day before Lord Scarborough was confined, Lord Hervey had gone with him *tête-à-tête* from Richmond to London, and their whole discourse ... unamiable the King was, and how he contrived (notwithstanding he had some good qualities, which everybody must esteem) to make it absolutely impossible for anybody to love him: for example, they both agreed that the

King certainly had personal courage, that he was secret, and that he would not lie—though I remember, when I once said the last of these things to Sir Robert Walpole, he said, 'Not often'—but Lord Hervey and Lord Scarborough both agreed, too, that notwithstanding these good qualities, which were, like most good qualities, very rare, and consequently very respectable, his Majesty's brusqueries to everybody by turns, whoever came near him, his never bestowing anything from favour, and often even disobliging those on whom he conferred benefits, made him so disagreeable to all his servants, that people could not stand the ridicule even of affecting to love him for fear of being thought his dupes; and thus, those whose interest it was to hide his faults, and support his character in the world, were often the very persons who hurt it most; as people at a distance, who railed at him, might be thought to do it from ignorance or pique; whilst all his own servants giving him up in the manner it was the fashion to do, must be concluded by all the world to proceed from their thinking it impossible to conceal it, or from their hating him too much to desire it.

"What gave rise to this conversation was a thing (in the style of many his Majesty uttered) which he had said that very day, at his dressing, before, at least, half-a-dozen people, upon Lord Hervey's telling his Majesty that he believed he was very glad, after so long a session, to get a little fresh air in the country; to which his Majesty very naturally, but very impolitely, replied, 'Yes, my Lord, I am very glad to be got away, for I have seen of late, in London, so many hungry faces every day, that I was afraid they would have eat me at last.' The number of things of this kind he used to be perpetually saying would fill volumes if I were to recount them all; for between those he affected to advance by way of showing his military bravery, and those which flowed naturally from his way of thinking and absolute incapacity of feeling, nobody could be with him an hour without hearing something of this kind that would give them an ill opinion of him for their lives. I once heard him say he would much sooner forgive anybody that had murdered a man, than anybody that cut down one of his oaks; because an oak was so much longer growing to a useful size than a man, and, consequently, one loss would be sooner supplied than the other: and one evening, after a horse had run away, and killed himself against an iron spike, poor Lady Suffolk saying it was very lucky the man who was upon him had received no hurt, his Majesty snapped her very short, and said, 'Yes, I am very lucky, truly; pray where is the luck? I have lost a good horse, and I have got a booby of a groom still to keep.' But I must not now tire myself with writing, and others with reading, more samples of his Majesty's tenderness to humankind in general, and to those who served him in particular."

The Oriental Interpreter and Treasury of East India Knowledge. A Companion to the Handbook. By J. H. Stocqueler, Esq. Pp. 360. Madden.

A most valuable book of reference to every reader of works which treat of India and the East. The only drawback to the entire usefulness of such a production is the unsettled and ever varying topography which causes such a disrelish to readers, and which even the diligence and ability of the author could not altogether rectify so as to render the words and names easy and certain to be found. He has, however, done so much that we must not blame him for not accomplishing the impossible. The fund of information respecting everything that relates to our Eastern Empire, in all respects, is very complete and excellently arranged.

Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart. Edited by his Son, C. Buxton, Esq. 8vo. Pp. 600. Murray.

Or old and good family, of strong mind and considerable endowments, and having acted a very prominent part in many interesting affairs, which occupied the public mind in his day, a life of this worthy gentleman was due to his memory and a desideratum in our literature. It has been written in a modest tone and faithful manner by his son, and sets before us a character worthy of study and not unworthy of imitation. But the particulars of Sir Thomas Buxton's career have been so manifest in every form, and so generally made known through the press, that it would be a waste of time and labour to go over the ground again. We shall merely note that the failure of the Niger Expedition affected him severely and that he suffered for several years from failing health, and died at last as a Christian might desire to die. One expression to his secretary only shall we preserve as a note to his ruling passion during the whole course of his existence. To Nixon, who complains of being tired, he exclaims, "Tired! you don't know what it is to be tired. When you've been nineteen years in Parliament, you'll be able to form some opinion of what it means: however, we must finish this job at any rate. I don't care how many white slaves I make to save the black ones."

Northwood; or, the Friendship of a Jesuit. Pp. 260. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

TALES of this sort are now so frequent that we have only to say that the more we see them the less we like them. Religious differences are not fit for novels; and instead of mending such productions, are only calculated to inflame bad passions, which on either side, Protestant or Catholic, are discreditable to Christianity. Here we have the common, wicked, plotting Jesuit, and the miseries he creates, and a conclusion of ultimate rescue and pious rejoicing.

Heroic Characters of the Revolution. By M. de Lamartine. Clarke.

AMONG the publications of the day, this little book merits immediate and earnest attention. The author's opinions of the first revolution and its leading actors, are of much importance towards enabling us to form some opinions upon the mighty scene now passing before our eyes; and whether we agree or disagree with the writer or his translator or commentator, we must feel a lively interest in these pages, which present us with prototypes of many of the men now lifted to the top of turbulent influence, and likely to have a prodigious effect on fast-coming events. The differences are but of superficial kind.

Thankfulness, a Narrative. 8c. Pp. 312. Sampson Low.

GRATITUDE to God for everything is inculcated in this volume in the pious and persuasive manner which distinguishes all the publications of the Rev. Charles B. Tayler. Need we add that it is a very desirable book for Christian families?

The Young Man's Home, or the Penitent Returned. By the Rev. R. Cobbold. Saunders and Otley.

A PRODIGAL son of the present day, who returns to a grave in the church-yard of his native home. His repentance, and the religious means taken to reconcile him to death, are of the usual character, and affect much simplicity.

Selections from Lucian, with copious English Notes. By Henry Edwards, A.M., T.C.D. Pp. 251. Dublin: Machen.

MR. MACHEN appears to be publishing some very meritorious school-books, and editions of classics, among which we must reckon this of *Lucian*, taken from a sound and learned text, and accompanied by a beautiful lexicon.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

At the ordinary meeting on Thursday, in compliance with the new election rules, the list of the candidates selected by the Council for election into the Royal Society, in June next, was read. The selection, as far as we can judge from our acquaintance with the scientific merits of the chosen, and as we believe a very general opinion admits, has been judiciously made. But, doubtless, an active canvass, especially on the part of the non-selected (the Council list being limited to 15) will be made. We trust, however, that Fellows will examine for themselves the qualifications of the several candidates before they promise their votes, for if the selection of the Council has been based upon the merits of the individuals, and their fitness for admission into a body where contributions to science are henceforth to be the passport, the Council should be supported and the invidiousness of this particular duty thereby shared. Subjoined are alphabetically the names of the whole of the candidates, it being marked those selected:—*George Bishop, Esq.*; *James Ryder Burton, Capt. R.N.*; *Rev. James Challis, M.A.*; *Henry Clerk, Capt. R.A.*; *George Edward Day, Esq., M.A.*; *William Ferguson, Esq.*; *Roger Horman Fisher, Esq.*; *Robt. W. For, Esq.*; *Henry James, Capt. R.E.*; *Robert Gordon Latham, M.D.*; *John Henry Levey, Capt. R.A.*; *James Ormiston McWilliam, M.D.*; *John Mercer, Esq.*; *William Hook Morley, Esq.*; *Thomas Oldham, Esq., M.A.*; *Samuel Phillips, Esq.*; *Lyon Playfair, Esq., Ph.D.*; *Robert Porrett, Esq.*; *Julius Roberts, Esq., R.M.A.*; *John Stenhouse, Esq., Ph.D.*; *James Syme, Esq.*; *Allen Thomson, M.D.*

GEOLOGICAL.

April 19th.—Sir H. De la Beche in the chair. Read 1st.—“Palæichthyologic Notes, supplement to the works of Prof. Agassiz,” by Sir P. G. Egerton. Since the publication of the monograph of the fishes of the Old Red Sandstone, little has been done in this branch of science; a fact the more to be regretted as it appears from Agassiz's works that there remained nearly 400 species neither figured nor described. The present paper is an attempt to supply a part of this deficiency, and has reference to the genus *Pterichthys*; the author having the advantage of the co-operation of Mr. Hugh Miller, the original discoverer of this strange group of fishes. The body of these fishes, flat below, but rising above into a roof-like ridge, was covered with a strong armour of bony plates, firmly wedged and fitted together, “like the various stones which compose the ribbed and pointed roof of a Gothic cathedral.” This peculiar organization of the animal had special reference to the condition in which it was destined to exist, which seems to have been in the mud and sand at the bottom of the sea. In conclusion, the author points out that the genera *Pamphractus* and *Homothorax* of Agassiz, are only different views of one species of *Pterichthys*.

2nd.—“On the Transport of Erratic Boulders from a lower to a higher level,” by Mr. C. Darwin. Boulders, believed to have been derived from rocks now only found at a much lower level, have been discovered in many parts of this country and in America. They are mentioned by Prof. Phillips in Yorkshire, as carried from the bottom of the vale of Eden over the top of Stainmoor; the author himself saw them on Ben Erin, near Glen Roy; Mr. Mac-laren and Mr. Milne describe them on Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh; Mr. Cumming in the Isle of Man, and Prof. Hitchcock in North America, so that no doubt of the fact can exist. Mr. Darwin shows that they cannot be derived from rocks once occurring at the same level, and now

destroyed. He also states that the phenomenon cannot be explained from unequal elevation of the land, which would imply the most capricious and unequal movements on the surface of both continents, and often within very limited spaces—as in the Isle of Man, where the blocks within two miles of the parent rock are found nearly 800 feet above it. He also remarks that they cannot have been picked up by icebergs from the bottom of deep water and then thrown on the land. He, therefore, proposes the theory that they were moved by coast ice, which caught them up repeatedly and during the gradual depression of the land, which we know was then going on, transported them always to higher and higher levels, or rather kept them from sinking into the sinking land. In consequence of being inclosed in ice, the boulders resemble so much drift timber, which must always remain floating on the surface, and be at length driven on the shore. These boulders, by their elevation above their original locality, denote the extent to which the land sank during the period of their transport, and also its subsequent elevation, and are thus like buoys of stone, by which nature marks the former movements of the earth's crust.

3rd.—“On Scratched Boulders,” by Mr. J. Smith, of Jordan-hill, who described some boulders on the shores of the Gare Loch, in Dumbartonshire, the upper surface of which is marked by striae in the direction of the valley, which he thinks, as stated by Mr. C. Maclaren, must have been produced by the action of glaciers. The “till,” however, in which they are imbedded, must have had a different and prior origin.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

April 18th.—Mr. J. Field, President, in the chair. The paper of the evening was a series of “Observations on the Resistances to Railway-trains at different velocities,” by Mr. Daniel Gooch,—not offering any formula that should be applicable for calculating the resistance of all railway-trains; but tables giving examples of almost every case that could occur, whence data could be supplied to those who wished to carry the investigation farther, and make a formula for themselves.

The author concluded his paper by saying that it appeared to him to be necessary, that before any general formula for calculating the resistance to railway-trains could be made, the value of the following elements, necessary in such formula, should be determined by experiments:

1st. The axles' journal friction at different velocities and with different weights per square inch of journal surface.

2nd. The resistance to the rotation of the wheels and axles, per pair, at different velocities and with different diameters.

3rd. The resistance due to the rolling of the wheels upon the rails, with different weights upon them and with different diameters.

4th. The resistance due to the passage of the train through the atmosphere, at different velocities, with different proportions of weights, and length and breadth of trains.

5th. The resistance due to the oscillation or unsteady motion of the train at various speeds.

The author considered that all these values might be determined, with a considerable degree of accuracy, by careful experiment.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

PALIMPSEST HOMER.

It has been known for some time that a Palimpsest Manuscript of a considerable portion of Homer's Iliad existed in the British Museum, upon the decyphering of which Mr. Cureton was gradually exercising his ingenuity and labour. We are told that this precious relic of antiquity is tolerably preserved and susceptible of restora-

tion; but still our readers are aware of the difficulties attendant on such works, and the extreme care and patience required in order to bring the original writing to light. Mr. Cureton, we understand, has succeeded to a certain extent, and would have done more, but that he has had to procure assistance from foreign experience in such matters. We do not know if the portion already rendered legible offers any variorum readings to the recognized text of the poet; but presume that when a sufficient quantity has been recovered, a comparison will be made, and all differences, even to letters and the form of letters, diligently noted. The circumstance is very interesting to literature in every respect; and whilst on such a subject, we may add that one of the most learned and distinguished of the Trustees informs us, that no less extraordinary expectations are entertained of important results to be obtained from the minute investigation of some of the Syriac Manuscripts, in the possession of which the Museum is rich.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

April 15th.—Professor Wilson in the chair.—Mr. Layard exhibited to the meeting his beautiful drawings of the sculptures, bas-reliefs, and other objects discovered by him at the excavations made among the ruins of Nineveh. Much interest was felt in these remains of ancient art, the originals of which have in many cases fallen to pieces since their discovery. Some discussion arose about the antiquity of these monuments, the beauty of which seemed to preclude the belief that they could be of a very remote period. Mr. Layard having been requested to state his opinion of their age, said he had no doubt they were of much greater age than would result from a comparison of their artistic merit with that of other monuments of antiquity; but that he was in fact of opinion that the older specimens were the most beautiful. We had hitherto known nothing of Assyrian art, and could form no idea of its age from any considerations of that nature. The destruction of Nineveh dates from 612 B.C. Nineveh was then levelled to the ground; and the construction of these monuments must be of that age, at the lowest. The non-existence of any inscriptions in either Persian or Median, shew that they must have been considerably older, as Median or Persian influence had been long predominant over Assyria. The most recent palace at Nimrud was built of fragments and slabs of older buildings, the ancient inscriptions and sculptures being always on the backs of the slabs, turned to the wall, and sometimes upside down; while the recent inscriptions were in their proper places, on the face. There were genealogies of Kings in almost all these inscriptions, of which the most recent names were identical with those on the monument of Beyrât, where the Assyrian empire extended in the time of Sennacherib and Esarhaddon; and he was inclined to think that the recent palace must be attributed to their times. He observed that it was not the practice in the East to destroy the older buildings for the purpose of making new ones of their ruins, unless where a total change of race had taken place in the interval; he consequently inferred that generations, and even centuries, must have elapsed between the construction of the earliest and more recent buildings. In the present case there were local reasons for proving, almost to conviction, that the older ones were in ruins long before the recent ones were erected. Tombs of obvious antiquity, and even Egyptian Scarabæi, and cartouches were found over them, several of which were now at the British Museum. A genealogical series gave seven names in regular succession; and by the third King in that list, the oldest palace was built. The little real progress made in reading the Assyrian characters, prevents any positive

determination of these monarchs' names; and such readings as we find, or fancy we have found, show little or no resemblance to any known historical name. The only one which seems pretty certain, is that of Ninus.

A paper "On the coins of the Kings of Saurashtra," by Mr. E. Thomas, was then laid before the meeting. There was not time to read the whole of the paper, but we have been allowed to abstract some of the principal points. The earliest notice of these coins is contained in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, but since then several additional medals have been discovered, and many investigations made, considerably advancing the knowledge of a dynasty which has been utterly lost to history. The best authorities on Indian numismatics make a difference of many centuries in the period in which these princes reigned. Prinsep places the most recent of them in the second century B.C., while Colonel Sykes was inclined to bring them down to the fourth or seventh A.D. But with this uncertainty of date, there is no doubt that the locality of the *Sah* dynasty was the country, of which Gujarat is the principal province. A late discovery of a large number of coins at Junir, had enabled Mr. Thomas to bring forward a series of Kings, from Iswara Datta to Swami Kudra Sah, whose reigns he places between 170 B.C. and 50 B.C. The arguments on which he founds this result must be read at length: we can merely say here, that they appear to be as conclusive as it is possible to be where there is no contemporary history whatever. Many of the coins have, it is true, dates upon them; but the characters are unknown; and if known, the era is uncertain. Mr. Thomas proves that these dates are written in cyphers, without local value, as in Greek, having different forms for units, tens, and hundreds; and gives good reasons for concluding that, with one exception, all begin with 300. The era he would apply to these dates is that of Sri Harsha, made known to Orientalists by the publication of Albiruni's work relative to India, by M. Reinaud; this era begins 457 B.C.

These coins are generally beautifully executed. The head is the same in all, and is surrounded by an inscription in Greek characters, but ill-formed, imperfect, and illegible; the earliest, however, being the best. The date precedes the inscription. The reverse is in good, legible, Devanagari character, containing the name, title, and paternity of the sovereign, with a symbol in the centre, which has been looked upon either as a Buddhist *Chaitya*, or the Mithraic flame. The Greek certainly is not a translation or transcription of the Indian legends, because the same inscription on different coins is accompanied by different reverses.

The writer proceeds to shew that the *Sah* dynasty in Gujarat was succeeded by that of the Indo-Scythians; and the latter, by the Guptas of the Allahabad inscription; also that the Guptas were succeeded in Gujarat by the Vallabhi dynasty, whose era is known to date from 319 A.D., though there is no evidence to shew whether or not that year coincides with the first establishment of the family on the throne.

The paper concludes with a short *resumé* of the facts made known by these coins; and will be found a valuable step made to enlighten the historical darkness of ancient India.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

ON Thursday the chartered anniversary took place, the President, Henry Hallam, Esq., in the chair. The minutes of the past year's proceedings, lists of presents received, abstracts of papers read (all reported in the *Literary Gazette*), and audits of the accounts, were laid before the meeting, and approved of. The ballot then proceeded for the officers and council for the ensuing year, when the following were elected (the six in italics being new, in lieu of six who

must go out by rotation):—*President*—H. Hallam, Esq. *Vice Presidents*—Dukes of Rutland and Newcastle; the Earls of Clare and Ripon; Lords Bexley and Colborne; W. R. Hamilton, W. M. Leake, and L. Hayes Petit, Esqrs.; and the Rev. J. Hume Spry, D.D. *Council*—The *Bishops of Winchester and St. David's*; the *Lord Chief Baron*; Sir J. P. Boileau, Bart; the Rev. R. Cattermole, (Secretary); the Rev. H. Clissold; J. Payne Collier; P. Colquhoun, and John Disney, Esqs.; Sir John Dorant, (Librarian and Foreign Secretary); the Rev. T. Fuller; J. Hogg; H. Holland; W. Jordan; C. A. Smith, and William Tooke, Esqrs., (Treasurer). *Auditors*—N. Connop, and A. J. Valpy, Esqrs. *Clerk and Collector*—Mr. Nathaniel Hill.

Mr. Hallam read the annual address, of which we shall hereafter give a full report; and only notice at present that it remarked, in impressive language, on the losses the Society had sustained by the deaths of its members, the Archbishops of Canterbury and of York, and Sir David Pollock. Thanks were voted to the President, and the meeting separated.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Anniversary.—May 2nd.—Sir Robert H. Inglis, V.P., in the absence of the President, took the chair at two o'clock, when the Secretary read the lists of deaths, elections, retirements, and expulsions (for non-payment of subscriptions), during the past year, by which it appeared the Society had numerically decreased to a considerable extent.

In the interval between the commencement and conclusion of the ballot, Mr. Roach Smith addressed the meeting on the propriety and necessity of having an annual report from the Council on the anniversary. In the present year the day for holding the annual meeting had been postponed for some reason which he had never heard assigned, and, therefore, he had hoped the Council had been taking more time to prepare a *résumé* of the past year's proceedings; but it now appeared that such was not the case, and that they met as usual, in scanty numbers, merely to hear dry lists of names read. It was desirable that the Council should furnish the general body with some notion of the actual condition of the Society, not merely in regard to its administrative details, but as to its progress in advancing antiquarian science, that the general body might learn from year to year the various researches instituted or encouraged by the Society, and what discoveries had been made at home and abroad. He thought the Council need not have shrunk from the task from any apprehension of not finding sources for congratulation, for certain improvements had been effected, among which the arrangement of the antiquities presented to the Society, in accessible places, as the nucleus of the Museum, might be mentioned. For this they were chiefly indebted to the activity and zeal of their director, Captain Smyth. The want of a museum for reference was a defect in the constitution of a Society like theirs, established for national purposes, that had long been felt and complained of. Eight or nine years ago a memorial, signed by at least 70 Fellows, had been presented to the Council for this express object, and he (Mr. S.) trusted, now the members were aware that donations when received were treated with attention and proper respect, they would assist in increasing the Society's collection.

In the list of deceased members which had been read, were several, he thought, deserving of special mention and of some little tribute of gratitude and esteem on the part of the Society. There were names of men in that melancholy list, who, by their labours, had benefited the science of antiquities, and, he thought, they should not be allowed thus to pass away without a marked expression of regret on the part of their surviving colleagues. If precedent were required

he referred to the practices and usages of other societies, both in this country and on the continent; indeed they need go no farther a field than the adjoining room, and take, in this respect, an example from the Royal Society, especially as they professed in regulations and usages to keep pace with that Institution.

Dr. Henderson said he fully concurred with Mr. Smith in all the observations he had made, and hoped the new Council would give them every attention. It was customary for the presidents of all scientific societies to give an annual address.

Mr. Crabb Robinson remarked that reference had been made to continental societies. It was a practice in the Royal Academy of France for the secretary to draw up a report. It was the yearly biographical memoir of deceased eminent members, made by D'Alembert, that gained him so much renown.

The Rev. Joseph Hunter could not but approve of the suggestions offered. He had always urged the utility of an annual address from the chair, which should embody the mention of distinguished members deceased during the year. With respect to the recapitulation of prominent events connected with antiquarian research, Mr. Smith did not appear to know that the Council had now made that desideratum a part of the duty of the new secretary.

Mr. Pettigrew said it was impossible they could shut their eyes to the state of the Society, after hearing the statement of the deaths and retirements, which were by no means counterbalanced by the elections, and they ought to be thankful to every one who, under such circumstances, offered suggestions for the amelioration of the Society. Indeed, it was the duty of all to use every means for extending its resources, literary as well as pecuniary. They must all acknowledge the improvement that had been effected by the director in the arrangement of the antiquities; but, at present, he feared the Council was not in a position to make a separate room available for a museum. He considered that an annual address by the President (whose absence on this occasion he regretted), would induce a better attendance of the members. He considered also, there was something shocking in passing over, without the slightest comment, the names of deceased members, who had, by their communications and published works, shed lustre, not only upon this Society, but also upon the antiquarian, and it was painful to find such men as Major Moore and Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, who had done so much for the science of antiquities, mentioned, without any distinction or reference to their peculiar merits.

Mr. Thoms observed that, in reference to the Society's collections, it ought in justice to be understood, that the former director had commenced their arrangement.

The Chairman made some observations, which seemed to show he did not disapprove of the conversation that had arisen, but as no motion had been made, it only remained for him to announce the close of the ballot, the result of which was subsequently stated by the scrutators to be as follows:

Members of the former Council re-elected as new members of Council.

Viscount Mahon, President.	Rev. Joseph Hunter.
Henry Hallam, Esq., V.P.	Octavius Morgan, Esq., M.P.
Sir Robt. H. Inglis, Bt., V.P.	Samuel Birch, Esq.
Thomas Stapleton, Esq., V.P.	Lord Braybrooke.
J. F. Collier, Esq., Treasurer.	John Bruce, Esq.
Capt. W. H. Smyth, R.N.	Thos. Crofton Croker, Esq.
K.S.F., Director.	Robert Lemon, Esq.
Sir Henry Ellis, K.H., Secretary.	Thomas Lott, Esq.
John Yonge Akerman, Esq., Secretary.	The Bishop of Oxford.
Thomas Amoyot, Esq.	J. R. Planché, Esq.
	Sir Richard Westmacott.
	Thomas Wright, Esq.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.

April 27th.—Professor H. H. Wilson in the chair. A paper by Mr. Borrell, of Smyrna, was read, "On Unedited Greek Coins of Apollonia, in Chalcidice; Pylæum, in Phrygia; Naolochus, in Ionia; Baratea, in Lycaonia; and Tarpheia, in Locroda." The paper, like all the contributions of Mr. Borrell, contained much curious and novel information, particularly with reference to ancient geography.

Mr. Akerman exhibited drawings of some presumed unpublished gold British coins, and of a coin of Carausius with double profile, found at Fairley Heath, near Guildford. The latter he considered, contrary to the opinion of some eminent numismatists, to bear the portrait of Carausius, and the head of Apollo, or the sun. Mr. Smith corroborated this opinion, and said that upon the coin itself was the whip, a symbol of the sun, which was wanting in the drawing.

Mr. Cuff exhibited some forged Stycas, cleverly executed, which had been sent him from Suffolk. They were pronounced to be the work of a gang of knaves who are at this moment carrying on a successful trade in counterfeit ancient coins.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Public Meeting.—April 28th.—Mr. Pettigrew, V.P., in the chair. Read.—A paper by Mr. George Milner, "On the ancient custom of blowing a horn at Ripon, in Yorkshire." The observations of Mr. Milner were elicited by an interesting paper on the *Cowen Feu*, by Mr. Syer Cuming, read at a former meeting. (See *Lit. Gaz.* Feb. 19.) Mr. Cuming mentions a singular custom at Ripon, of a man sounding a horn at the market cross, and at the Mayor's door, every evening at nine o'clock, which ceremony he considers in some way connected with the curfew bell. Mr. Milner dissents from this opinion. Ripon is a place of considerable antiquity; a monastery was founded there in 661, to which Athelstan granted a charter, from which Mr. Milner infers that bells must have existed there at a very early date, and that the curfew might have been rung in that town as well as in other places. According to tradition, the government of Ripon, in Saxon times, was vested in the hands of 12 elders, 24 assistants, and one chief-magistrate, called "vigilarius," or "wakeman," whose duty it was to cause a horn to be blown every night at nine o'clock, in the centre of the town. After this signal had been given, the whole property of the town was considered to be under the care of the municipal authorities, who were bound to render compensation, if, during the night, any of the townspeople suffered loss from robbery.

Mr. Purland exhibited a flint arrow-head, picked up on the beach at Ramsgate, and a seal of St. Giles's or Imanuel Hospital at Norwich, founded in 1249.

Mr. Price announced the discovery of a Roman sepulchral interment upon the Island of Bishop's Marsh, in the Medway, and reported the result of a recent visit to the site of the Roman potteries upon the south bank of the Medway, in company with Mr. Humphrey Wickham and other members of the Association. Many specimens of fictile vessels were obtained, among which were fragments of the red glazed kind called "Samian," which, Mr. Price considered, was made at these extensive manufactories, as well as the various other sorts, the remains of which are so plentifully strewn along the margins of the creeks and embedded in the soil. From analysis of the clay of these "Samian" vessels, and from comparison of the clay of the Medway, and of other localities in this country, Mr. Price considers that the material is precisely the same, and therefore there could have been no difficulty in manufacturing these vessels in Britain.

Mr. J. Brown directed the attention of the

meeting to discoveries made during the restoration of the old church of St. Pancras. Among these is a stone upon which are carved five crosses (possibly emblematical of the five wounds of the Saviour), a piscina of the early English style, a sedilia of later date, and, at the east end of the church, a most beautiful specimen of moulded brick-work, all of which had been preserved by Mr. Gough, the architect, who had taken particular care to protect from injury the monuments, among which are the tomb of Woollett, the engraver, the tablet in memory of Cooper, the celebrated miniature painter, whose portrait of the Protector Cromwell is so well known, &c. Mr. Brown promised a more detailed account of the discoveries at a future meeting.

THE PERCY SOCIETY.

At the eighth annual meeting, on Monday, Mr. Pettigrew in the chair, the following council was elected: President, Lord Braybrooke. Messrs. T. Amyot, W. H. Black, Bolton Corney, T. Crofton Croker, J. H. Dixon, F. W. Fairholt, J. M. Gutch, J. O. Halliwell, W. Jerdan, E. R. Moran, J. S. Moore, T. J. Pettigrew, J. Prior, W. Sandys, and T. Wright, Treasurer and Secretary.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ p.m.—Medical, 8 p.m.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ p.m.—Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—Zoological, 9 p.m. Mr. Gray, "On *Coronula*." Mr. Gould, "On the occurrence in England of a Bistard, new to the European Fauna." Mr. Gosse, "On *Mabouya Agilis*."—Syrro-Egyptian, 7½ p.m. Mr. Bonomi, "On Lake Meris." Mr. Scoles, "On the Tombs of the Valley of Jehosaphat."

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—Graphic, 8 p.m.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ p.m.—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.—Royal Society of Literature, 4 p.m.—Medico-Botanical, 8 p.m.

Friday.—Astronomical, 8 p.m.—Royal Institution, 8 p.m. Mr. C. Newton, "On Greek Archaeology."—Philological, 8 p.m.—British Archaeological, 8 p.m.

Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 p.m. (anniversary).—Royal Botanic, 3½ p.m.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE opening on Monday displayed an exhibition of pretty nearly the average merit; with nothing perhaps to extol in the highest walks of art, viz., sacred subjects, history, or poetry, but remarkable for some magnificent and many beautiful landscapes, pieces of what may be called the Anglo-Dutch or Anglo-Flemish genre, and fine portraits, rather more in proportion than could be wished for a single annual display of the first order of the National School. Having specified the classes in which a very superior degree of excellence has been attained, it may not be considered an undue rank to commence our review with a notice of some of the most prominent.

Mr. Stanfield has five pictures, all of them worthy of his pre-eminent attainments and station. No. 166, is a sweet view near Avignon, and 370, near Gaeta, another of equal sweetness; and 586, and 590, as specimens of Italian loveliness, in general effects, and picturesqueness in the material objects selected to be so invested with such skies, such woods, such waters, and such accessories, as few artists ever could pencil like our own Clarkson Stanfield. But we must speak more enthusiastically still of No. 217, "Amalfi," one of the grandest landscapes ever painted. It is worthy to commemorate the place, one of whose citizens invented (as 'tis claimed) the mariner's compass. The high-mounted ruins, the precipitate or shelving rock resting on the variegated shore, and the blue sea swelling up to the base or glittering along the levels, are features which the artist delights to represent; and in this production (with an atmosphere no less true to nature) has succeeded in representing to perfection.

Mr. David Roberts, not *haud passibus aequis*, contributes three pictures; No. 201, "Hermonthes,"

in Upper Egypt, one of those things in which he is unequalled, being every inch Egyptian, and every inch artistical. Travellers in that country are always astonished with the minute truth of every detail and individuality in these paintings, before which the rest of the world stand admiring the splendour of their conceptions and execution. This is a rare combination. 329, "Mount St. Michael, Normandy," is a proof of the same correct yet powerful handling of a subject altogether different; and, stop! 252, "Chancel of the Cathedral of St. Paul, Antwerp" (for Mr. Vernon, and thence the British nation), an honour to the donor, to the country, and to the artist. The architecture of lengthened aisle, and graceful column, and fretted roof, is marvellously fine; the figures are introduced with delightful efficacy, and the glow and charm of lights which illumine the whole, throw a magic richness over the scene which the pen cannot describe. In this line, we think, the artist has here given us his *chef d'œuvre*.

Our third choice is Mr. T. S. Cooper. No. 9, is a "Sunset," true "as the dial to the sun," and to the sun's effects on earth and sky. 423, "A Goatherd," and flock of goats, Wales, shows the artist as admirable with these animals as with those to which we are more accustomed from his pencil; and 551, another charming rural scene. In Nos. 383 and 503, Mr. Cooper has united his cattle to the landscape of Mr. F. R. Lee; and we will only refer to the first of these as a performance to which the epithet "delicious" is most applicable. The cattle on sward and streamlets of the foreground, and the woods and more unequal grounds in the distance, are alike faithful to nature and beauty; and the whole redolent of the Summer morning which sees breathing animal life so disposed, and the inanimate so brightened with dewy softness and adorned.

Having named Mr. Lee, we will dismiss his other four pictures. 88, "The Broken Bridge," truthful and Ruysdael-like. 150, "View" in Kent, 347 and 536, in North Wales, and all in his usual and successful style.

By him we have generally to note Mr. T. Creswick, 19, 57, 159, 314, 556, and 579. The cool refreshing character of 19, arrests the eye in the midst of the glare and gilding around, and offers a welcome repose; and from the others we will only detach 314, "Home by the Sands" as a captivating example of the treatment of graduated distances and perspective, more dependent on the artist's skill than on the aspects of his theme. It is wrought out charmingly. The last two are varieties of different kinds, and happy illustrations of light and shadow, and of tempestuous weather. For the present, however, we must retire from the attractions of landscape, for the sake of some attention to the second description of works to which we have alluded.

No. 125, is "A Gravel Pit," by W. Mulready, and a clever thing, as is also 130, a "Shepherd Boy and his Dog." But we are pulled from them, with all their merits, by 160, "The But," a piece of exquisite humour, exquisitely finished. "The But" is a lout of a butcher's boy, with shut eyes and open mouth, seeing what will be sent him by another mischief-loving lad, who is pelting cherries into his face, already all marked as if by an eruption on the skin; and that few or none of the fruit have entered the open portal, is told by the merriment of the fruitletter, and the *espiglerie* of her young friend, who clings round her shoulder, and watches the hits with most intense gratification. We need say no more: it is one of the artist's most deservedly popular productions.

No. 135, the "Internal Economy of Dotheboys Hall," J. Webster, illustrates one of the most vivid scenes, with which Dickens pleaded the cause of humanity, and put down the

cruelty and starvation of the cheap school system. It is the distribution of the physis, and the diversity of character is astonishing. The dame possesses all her revolting attributes, and every child tells a tale of different distress and misery; fear, loathing, suffering fill the assembly, and yet there is not a trait to wound the feelings of the spectator. 176, "A Rubber," by the same, may compete with aught that Teniers, Jan Steen, or Ostade ever painted. Four country folks are at play on a table, with jugs of beer, the stakes, &c., and several lookers on. The light enters from a window, with a man before it, and is distributed over the company with unsurpassed truth and effect. The head nearest it, absolutely invites your hand to pass behind its baldish pate, and the partner on the hither side, with half-seen face, is another matchless bit of art. On the whole, it is one of the most memorable gems of the year.

Mr. Leslie has two pictures, 157, "Lady Jane Grey," in prison, a touching subject, which he has treated with great simplicity in a very affecting manner. The unhappy lady, seated with the book of Plato before her, feels her destiny with placid foresight, and heeds not the gay sport seen through an open casement in the distance. This world's pleasures are not for her, and the painter has caught the expression with true feeling. 162, "The Shell," though possessing much merit, is not so entirely to our taste. We remember Thompson's

"Within sits with idle wonder on the shore
Within her shell to hear the ocean roar,"

which seems to us to be more akin to the subject.

Mr. Landseer, in 48, has the perfect head of a terrier; in 85 as perfect a head and admirable likeness of his father. But in 208 he revels in the investment of his kennel with human passions. "Alexander and Diogenes" are historical curs of ancient Greece. The haughty conqueror is a white pampered fellow in the centre, and the Cynic a snarling terrier in his tub. And the Courtiers, especially two long-faced gravehounds in the background, are superbly drawn—the brutes are men! 229, "An Old Hack," in the artist's own manner. 403, "A Random Shot," which has killed a doe, on a wide expanse of snow, and a fawn nestling to its dead mother. There is pathos in this, but we do not think the subject either happily chosen or executed with Mr. Landseer's usual success. Besides being somewhat painful, there is a lankiness about the limbs of the animal, which is the less agreeable as it is so clearly defined on the white ground.

No. 92, "An Italian Family on their way to a Village Festival,—Prisoners with Banditti," C. L. Eastlake, is not less pure, and we think richer in tone and colour than any of the artist's later productions. The story is also well told. The unhappiness of the captives, so truly expressed in the sterner looks of the man and the more timid sorrows of the woman, and the chagrin and fears of all, are finely contrasted with the nonchalance of the robber lounging near, and the recklessness of his companions only a little way removed. The costume and grouping altogether render this an extremely pleasing composition.

No. 77, "St. John the Baptist Reproving Herod," J. R. Herbert. The Saint is somewhat in the hard old style, and skeleton-like; but his attitude and action are full of good art. Herod is still better, and his look of doubtfulness well accounts for the rage in the countenance of his "brother's wife." The figures are dispersed, but we are not aware how, in reality, they could have been otherwise in closer proximity.

[To be continued.]

SOCIETY OF WATER COLOURS.

The "Old," but still young in bloom and genius, has, during the week, competed with the Royal Academy in public attraction. The Exhibition is such, as heretofore, what may be

truly called a refreshing sight; and the more so, as the fine weather seems to have set in as a congenial compliment. On the general subject we have but one remark to make, viz., that the employment of body colour prevails more and more, and that medium is more unsparingly used than ever, so as to bring what was originally water colour directly into competition with oil-painting. Whether this is a "step in the right direction, or not," is very questionable.

The usual supporters of this Gallery are not wanting on the present occasion. Mr. Copley Fielding enriches it with many charming works, among which we may particularise No. 33, "A Valley in the Sussex Downs," with about the finest effect of a hot mist between the hill ranges that we ever saw achieved by the art. 21, a Highland mountain subject, is grand, and of quite a different character, and has many equal companions from the North of Scotland and Wales; whilst more quiet home scenes display similar facilities, and rival those scenes where the turbulent waves are tumbled with all the vigour of the artist.

Mr. De Wint is also a numerous contributor, and 24 may be noted as an example of his beautiful style in spreading out a country before our eyes, and leading us from distance to distance like a Cyp. 28, "Nottingham," is of greater range and higher merit; but nearly all his productions possess a similarity of style, and a standard of nearly similar merit.

Mr. Prout, this year, we fancy is even more successful than he has been for some time. He strikes the eye in every corner. 25, "The Bridge of Sighs," is worthy of Canelletti. 83, "A Washing Scene at Nuremberg," is yet superior, and the picturesque forms of the buildings give it an advantage (in one respect) over the greater uniformity of "Venice" (see 274). 93, "The Market-place, Strasburg," is another very fine; but even to the least of his continental views we are struck with the same genius shining through them all.

Away from the finish of De Wint or Prout, D. Cox has laid in his effect with a rough brush; and it requires some distance to feel that the force of his pencil is not an inroad upon the domain of nature. See, for instance, the sky in No. 32, No. 114, "Windy Day," and indeed nearly every one of his drawings. In 151, "Peace and War," he has embodied the ideas of peace and war in a pleasing picture, and made a contrast, the lesson of which ought not to be lost.

G. Cattermole has no very great effort, but several admirable productions on a smaller scale. 259, "Refectory, Grace," is a charming example of his powers over character, grouping, and colour. 272, "The Youthful Champion departing to the Combat," full of his spirited chivalry, yet accompanied by beauty and tenderness; and 331, "A Scene from the Story of Sintram," a striking and impressive study of armour, impressed upon a Gothic legend of high tragic interest.

No. 88, from Lover's *Rory O'More*, by F. W. Topham, is a delightful composition. Kathleen is as charming as she is demure, and the proffered wedding ring, we can just surmise, will be accepted for that finger which is playing under her downcast but mischievous look. The group is admirably composed, and the colouring no less excellent.

No. 63, "Aurora Borealis," and 125, "Glen Rossie," W. A. Nesfield. Mr. Nesfield has grappled with, and vanquished, immense meteorological difficulties. His Aurora is a splendid emanation and true to nature, though no art nor description could ever afford an idea of the ever-varying transitions of this wonderful phenomenon. In 125, there is a rainbow worthy of the famous Rubens' landscape; and the whole scenery of Arran below is in the most effective style.

Mr. Hunt almost surpasses himself in flowers, fruits, birds' nests (see 246), interiors, figures. No. 104, is "Fast Asleep," 112, "The Orphan" belonging to the swinish multitude, is a precious pet. 289, is "A Soap and Water Bubble," superior to any bubble Company of the age. 310, "Rehearsing the Lesson," a Webster-like felicity; but all are so ably treated, that it is not easy to tell whether the accomplishment of designs or the opulence of colouring is the most to be admired.

We must reserve another notice for this Gallery.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, May 2, 1848.

Yes, Sir, the Theatre of the *Vaudeville*, after being closed for six months, has been bold enough to re-open its doors to the public on Saturday last, April 29th. This is one of the most incredible episodes of our Revolution; nevertheless, the fact is true, albeit unlikely. Unfortunately for itself, the *Vaudeville* has shown as much folly as hardihood; it produced, on the first night, three plays so absurd that, after having yawned during the first, hissed the second, the audience rose as one man before the conclusion of the third play, vowing they would exterminate all the actors, demolish the house, and have a crop of flax in its stead, if the curtain did not fall forthwith. These three masterpieces were entitled: *AA! enfin! Le Chevalier de Beauvoisin*, and *La Curée des Places*. It is, therefore, very probable that, before the week is ended, the *Vaudeville* will prove short-lived. I will not wonder at this second, or rather, third decade; it is impossible to restore life to any theatre which for two years, or even twelve or fifteen months, has been reduced to such a regimen.—Peace to its ashes!

However, our other theatres are no better off. The *Porte St. Martin* is closed, under pretence of attending to the rehearsal of the *Marchal Ney*, a drama, comprising, heaven knows how many tableaux, upon which the administration, such is the consecrated jargon, grounds the most brilliant hopes. The *Opéra Comique* which, last week, realised the sum total of nine francs, has suspended its representations for some days past, being too busy, probably, with its change of lessee. In vain does the *Opéra* garnish its empty stalls with the National Guards on duty in the yard; the house reminds one of the desert, especially now that Carlotta Grisi is gone, not to return. All the minor theatres are either dead or dying. Alone, amongst all, the *Théâtre de la République* earned its daily expenses—thanks to Rachel and the *Marseillaise*; but it has just produced a five-act drama, which also threatens for it an approaching dissolution if the obnoxious performance be not forthwith dismissed from the bills.

And yet this drama is due to the pen of a man of talent, M. Charles Lafond; it is entitled *La Marquise d'Aubray, ou 10 ans d'exil*; it is a melodrama scarcely worthy of the Boulevards. M. Charles Lafond was so well aware of the fact that, before the Revolution of February, he had withdrawn his play from the *Français* and offered it to the *Porte St. Martin*. He was, by the former, requested to send it back, and the request was an ill-advised one. In any other theatre it might have been successful; but on our first dramatic stage it failed completely. I will not even attempt to give you a notice of it.

On the same night when the *Théâtre de la République* produced the *Marquise d'Aubray*, a first representation of a different and rather more interesting nature, took place on the *Place de l'Hotel de Ville*. M. Armand Marrast, Mayor of Paris, and Member of the Provisional Government, therein proclaimed—about half-past ten in the evening, by the light of torches

and accompanied by the triumphant strains of 300 musicians, and the deafening acclamations of *Vive la République*,—the names of the 34 representatives of the people, elected by the Department of the Seine. Lamartine stands first on the list, with 239,000 votes; Lamennais is the last, with 104,000 votes. It was, I can assure you, a curious spectacle. When a man has assisted at such a scene, he cannot well resign to himself to sit for five or six hours in a play-house, were it even to listen to most moving tragedies, most interesting dramas, most witty comedies, or most amusing vaudevilles.

This week, again, we have been all of us very near enacting, in the streets, a most melancholy drama. I mean civil war. The elections have, as I foretold, issued completely in favour of order over anarchy. The *Blue Republic*—it is so called—has carried the day, by an immense majority, over the *Red Republic*. But the minority are furious at their discomfiture. They openly declare that they will appeal to arms. Already, in some provinces—at Rouen, at Elbeuf, at Limoges—have they risen in insurrection. Everywhere they have been defeated; but blood has been shed, and the deplorable excesses of this incorrigible faction will end in bringing about a dangerous reaction. In Paris we are on the alert, with our uniform of National Guard, our arms and ammunition, by the side of our desk or our bed. At the first outbreak we rush on the enemy. Hitherto we have been threatened in words only—true it is, that these words run rather high. Before we act we shall wait for an attack. After all, the Provisional Government are very much to blame; they dare not shew their strength: the more they are insulted the more they remain passive and silent.

When you receive this letter the National Assembly will have met; unless the two parties should have in the meantime resorted to violence, either this evening or tomorrow. The new house built for it is as unsightly as it is inconvenient. It is as yet impossible to say anything as to the spirit of the majority; there are too many new men. But it is more than probable that the moderate party will be much superior in point of numbers to the *exaltés*. It is even to be feared that the majority will not be sufficiently republican. Apropos of our representatives of the people—the Provisional Government have just issued a decree which has occasioned general hilarity. "Considering," so it says, "that the principle of equality implies uniformity of costume for all citizens called to fill the same functions," it has decreed that all the representatives of the people shall wear a black dress coat, a white waistcoat with lappels, black trousers, and a tricolor silken scarf with a gold fringe or *graine d'épinards*. They are also enjoined to wear in their button-hole on the left side a red ribbon, upon which shall be embroidered the *faucos* of the Republic. Those among the representatives of the people who shall consent to obey this decree will soon be judged by public opinion, but there will not be found ten amongst them so simple as to dress like dancing-dogs under pretence of manufacturing a Constitution.

In sober truth, when you foreigners read of such silly nonsense, you must have a good hearty laugh at us. Laugh away, you certainly are in the right in this instance; our turn may come next. For two months past we have become the most stupid nation on earth—we who, right or wrong, were usually accounted the most witty. We have produced nothing—if we omit politics—either in art or literature, of any sterling value. Up to this day the Republic has not given birth to either a poet, a musician, or a painter. To appreciate our impotence a man must visit in the exhibition of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, the symbolical figures of the Republic. The spectacle is, in fact, as amusing as it is instructive. We have there 700 Republics,

painted, sculptured, or engraved, and one and all ridiculous. This Exhibition is really a disgrace to our School. Let us hope we shall prove ourselves more competent to frame a Republic than its image.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

The Charter House Infirmary.—The anniversary dinner, on Monday, was more numerous attended than could well be expected of any charitable meeting this season, and the day went off with great satisfaction to the company and benefit to the Hospital. Under the auspices of the Lord Mayor, who discharged the duties of the Chair in an excellent manner, ably supported by Mr. Sheriff Hill, Mr. J. Masterman, Sir J. L. Lushington, and other distinguished individuals, the usual toasts were given with spirit, and the business of the Charity effectually performed. Nearly £500 was subscribed; and it is not too much (we hope) to anticipate that the funds will be so far augmented, from the best feelings of humanity, as to enable the Directors to establish the Infirmary on a more extended scale, when obliged to move (as they shortly must) from the present site. The Lord Mayor and Mr. Masterman pleaded its cause with much energy; and Mr. Salmon described its rise, progress, and existing condition in an affecting manner. Indeed, often as this Journal has borne witness to the blessings it confers on a most deserving class of the community, when suffering under maladies of the most afflicting nature, we may say that every fresh appeal only awakens deeper sympathies for their relief, and anxiety for the enlargement of the means to carry more generally out the benefits to the useful class of honest English *ouvriers* of one of the most benevolent and beneficial institutions of which London can boast.

The Governesses' Benevolent Institution, on Wednesday, also held its annual festival in the City of London Tavern, Mr. Rice Trevor (the Duke of Cambridge being unable to attend) in the chair. The attendance was not so numerous; but the whole affair was conducted with Mr. Laing's (the honorary secretary) accustomed zeal and success. No less than between £1,100 and £1,200 subscription was announced. Mr. Laing was singularly happy in bringing the state of the Institution, its past progress during five years, and its future prospects, to the attention of the meeting. Having divided its operations into no fewer than seven branches, so as to embrace every desirable object for the interesting class of persons concerned, Mr. Laing explained them, which we could not do without more circumlocution than we can spare room for. Suffice it, therefore, for us to say, that the relief of the unfortunate, an asylum for the aged, a temporary home for the disengaged, a self provision for the employed to meet any future reverse, a normal school to instruct those to whom the all-important task of instructing others is entrusted, and other concomitant measures are all in admirably arranged operation to fulfil these truly national results. A fancy fair is to take place in June, under royal and noble patronage. On both these occasions, the musical departments, under Mr. Hobbs and Mr. Hatton (with the Misses Williams and other vocalists) were extremely pleasing; and we need scarcely add that the *provisional* entertainments of the London Tavern are of the very highest order of comfort and merit.

The Artists' General Benevolent Fund observes its anniversary to-day, with the Marquis of Northampton at its head. Last week (see *Gazette*, p. 300), the play was the thing whereby a considerable amount was caught for the benefit of this very laudable Institution; and, with the patronage and advocacy of the noble President of the Royal Society, the fund will,

no doubt, reap another much needed and much deserved addition. We trust the friends of our arts and artists will rally in force round the estimable chairman.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Signor Labocetta, the new tenor, made his first appearance on Saturday, in the part of *Almaviva*. We do not find his singing in this part at all likely to sustain the reputation which he has gained on the Continent; his voice is sweet enough in tone, but it is so deficient in power as to verge upon flatness, and in the concerted pieces his part was mere dumb-show. In the *Ecco il ridente* he shewed considerable taste, but he is not certainly suited to such an arduous part.

Jenny Lind made her first appearance in *Sonnambula* on Thursday, and was received with the same unbounded enthusiasm that welcomed her on her first arrival in this country. The house was exceedingly full, and honoured by the presence of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and Queen Dowager; this being the first time the Queen has appeared in public since the Chartist demonstrations, a great scene of excitement was exhibited in this aristocratic resort. After the first act, the whole house rose, and loudly cheered, calling at the same time for the National Anthem, which was immediately given with all the signs of most unmistakable loyalty.

Mlle. Lind is as charming as ever; her voice has perhaps gained in power somewhat, and she continues to throw all her earnest expression into her singing, which contributes so much to the delight she inspires. The chamber scene, *Oh come lieto*, and the sleep-walking scene at the end, in which the beautiful *Ah non credea* occurs, were both exquisitely given; the peculiar dreamy character of her *sotto voce* notes has never been conceived by any artist before her, and in this faculty lies her chief attraction as a singer, for in the *sona il sei*, and the rondo finale *Ah non Giunge*, which require a peculiarly Italian style of *foriture* and variations, she is not equally good; the intellectual and sentimental is her forte, and in these she is unsurpassed. As a whole, the opera was not well performed—Gardoni, the *Elvino*, was tame and his voice appears not yet to have recovered from hoarseness. Lablache was ineffective in *Rodolfo*, and the chorus considerably at fault throughout the opera. Neither can we give our usual meed of praise to the band; the accompaniments were not clearly made out, generally speaking; the first two acts, for the opera was given in three, went off very flatly, without a single encore; the last, thanks to the delightful and refreshing singing of Jenny Lind, was much more to our satisfaction, and the finale was encoored, the pleasing little ballet *la Vicandiere*, in which Cerito and St. Leon danced, ended the entertainments.

Covent Garden—Royal Italian Opera.—The *Cenerentola* was revived here on Tuesday last, Alboni taking the part of *Cenerentola*, in which she has been so great a favourite in Paris, and there is every prospect of her making as great a sensation amongst us, if we may judge of her wonderful singing of *Non piu mesta*. Tamburini was the *Dandini*, and sang the difficult music admirably, with all the rapidity and accuracy for which he has been so justly celebrated; it is really delightful to see such an example of true artistic skill displayed, though with a voice that has lost its freshness. Salvi sang the part of the *Prince* with taste and feeling; the *Sisters* were taken by Mme. Bellini and Mme. Temple, who performed very creditably. Alboni's *Non piu mesta* is, indeed, a very striking performance; it is a thing to be heard both by musical people and those who merely look upon fine singing as a clever, though unmeaning, art; such sparkling *roulades*, such playful skill in touch-

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The 80th ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place in FREEMASON'S HALL on Wednesday next, May 10th, His Grace the Duke of NORTHUMBRELAND, in the Chair.

STEWARDS.
His Grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, K.G.
The Lord Viscount Ebury, K.P.
Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Manchester
Right Hon. the Lord Wrottesley
Right Hon. the Lord Campbell
The Hon. and Rev. A. Perceval
Right Hon. Mr. Harrow Park
Right Hon. the Vice-Chancellor
Right Hon. the Baron de Goldsmid
Sir Gardner Wilkinson, F.R.S.
Capt. Sir E. Belcher, R.N., C.B.
Major-General Wm. Napier, C.B.
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